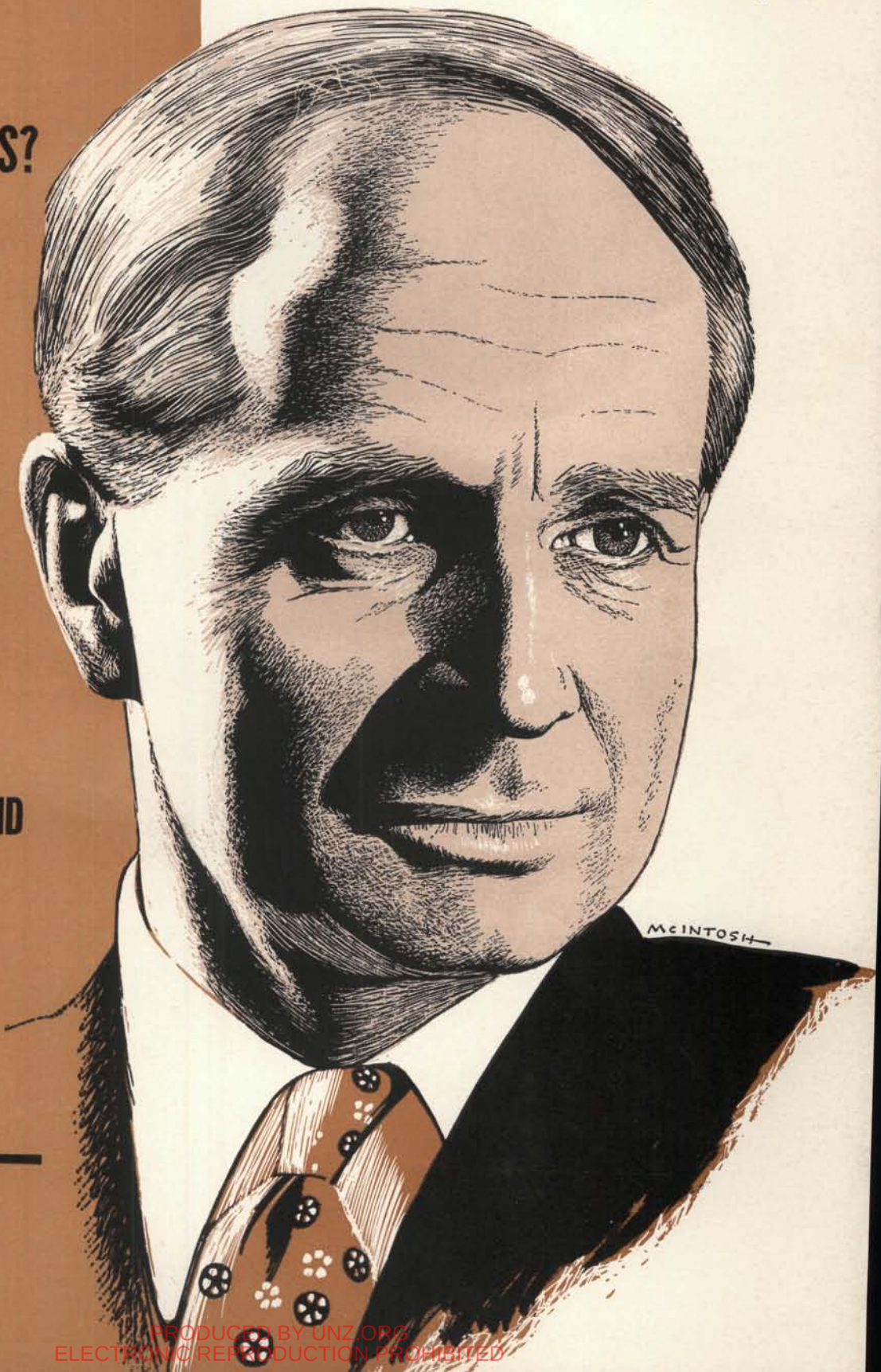
Saturday Review

DECEMBER 17, 1955 / 20¢



HOULD PEOPLE
ISTRUST LAWYERS?
y William P. Aspell

OLLYWOOD TAKES
N NARCOTICS
y Arthur Knight

MERICAN THEATRE AND
HE HUMAN SPIRIT
y Elmer Rice

urens van der Post, author of
e Dark Eye in Africa." (Page 10)

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SR's Library Poll

JOHN GUNTHER dives in and out of continents the way other men ive in and out of bed, but the steady opularity of his style of reporting—hich joins candid impressions of picaresque, faraway countrysides to up-o-the-minute discussions of world olitics, consternating writers of less elocity and volumnity—is proved by is crown-prince's position on this nonth's *SR*'s Library Poll. "Inside Africa" is only one of dozens of new ooks on that troubled, and potentially xplosive, continent.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Marjorie Morningstar**
   by Herman Wouk (F) *
2. **Inside Africa**
   by John Gunther (G) **
3. **The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit**
   by Sloan Wilson (F)
4. **Andersonville**
   by MacKinlay Kantor (F)
5. **Gift from the Sea**
   by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (G)
6. **The Tontine**
   by Thomas B. Costain (F)
7. **A Many-Splendored Thing**
   by Suyin Han (G)
8. **Something of Value**
   by Robert Ruark (F)
9. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
10. **How to Live 365 Days a Year**
    by John A. Schindler (G)
11. **Cash McCall**
    by Cameron Hawley (F)
12. **The Scrolls from the Dead Sea**
    by Edmund Wilson (G)
13. **The Deer Park**
    by Norman Mailer (F)
14. **A Man Called Peter**
    by Catherine Marshall (G)
15. **Auntie Mame**
    by Patrick Dennis (F)
16. **Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man**
    by Thomas Mann (F)
17. **These Lovers Fled Away**
    by Howard Spring (F)
18. **A Democrat Looks at His Party**
    by Dean Acheson (G)
19. **Why Johnny Can't Read**
    by Rudolf Flesch (G)
20. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
    by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank (G)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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I would like to vent a prejudice against the modern "Wise Men." Having no kinship to the Magi, these are the men of Madison Avenue and environs who have added the suffix "wise" to their jargon.

For instance, they might say, "C. E. Carrington's 'Life of Rudyard Kipling' is perfect for your literary friend, gift-wise."

Or, "History-wise, Harold Lamb's book, 'New Found World,' the story of the explorers of America, is the newest addition to a Doubleday series of popular narrative histories, Mainstream-of-America-wise."

Or even, "Billy Graham, the popular preacher, evangelism-wise, has written a book called 'The Secret of Happiness,' which will appeal to those concerned with self-improvement, religion-wise. Dr. Graham's book is based on the Beatitudes, commentary-wise."

And, summing-up, "These, and other books, are commended to all procrastinators, last-minute-Christmas - gift - shopping - wise, as well as to all discriminating persons, reading-wise. Get them from your favorite merchant, bookseller-wise."

These are extreme examples, and I realize this usage has an honorable grammatical history. It is even included in the authoritative "Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary."

But there's such a thing as debasing the coinage of a word, and with New Year's coming up, I call on those interested in maintaining the vitality of our language to resolve to avoid using this particular cliché. No more easy imitating, I say; wise-wise, I mean.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Life of Rudyard Kipling," by C. E. Carrington, $5.50; "New Found World," by Harold Lamb, $5.75; "The Secret of Happiness," by Billy Graham, $2.00; and "The Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary," Standard $2.95, Thumb-indexed $3.50 are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, and may be obtained from any bookseller for yourself or for gifts. Doubleday wishes you a Happy Christmas season and a book-filled New Year, likewise.

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"*A genius is a solitary idiot who universalizes himself.*"— p. 73

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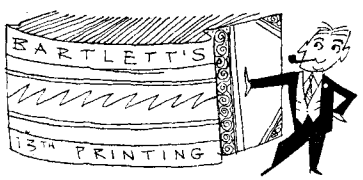
John Bartlett didn't know what he 'as starting when, in 1855, he allowed imself to be persuaded to bring out



ı a 295-page book the collection of .oteworthy quotations he had been massing privately over the years. Cautiously he limited the first edition o 1,000 copies, and sold most of them ıimself at his bookstore opposite the Harvard campus. Returned from a ıitch in the Navy during the Civil War, Bartlett joined the publishing ıouse of Little, Brown. By the time ıe died in 1905—at the age of eighty-ive—his compendium had made not ınly his own fortune but those of Charles Little, James Brown, and Arhur Thornhill as well.

'HE LAWYER OF A midtown publisher ıdmitted, "When I was ten I aspired o be a pirate." "You're lucky," the ɔublisher told him. "Most of us fail :o realize the dream of our youth." . . . Richard Wormser heard a teacher in he fourth grade of the American School in Paris refer to her charges as ıer *petits fours*. . . . Edith Gaylord tells ne that the daughter of the Ambasıador from Norway is taking a cerıain amount of good-natured joshing these days in Washington. Her name is Marjorie Morgenstierne. . . . In Toronto, a Canadian publisher won no friends at all when he announced a window display contest for Dominion booksellers. The first prize was announced as a week, all expenses paid, in Toronto. The second prize was *two* weeks, all expenses paid, in Toronto.

ARE YOU PLANNING a little get-together to warble Christmas carols this year? Houghton Mifflin have just published the handsomest and most complete treasury of carols I've seen in a reindeer's age. It is called "Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols," retails at $4.95, and will just about guarantee the success of your party. . . . Three last-minute gift-books for the well-heeled and discriminating: "A Pictorial History of American Presidents" ($10); "The Europeans," a new album of Cartier-Bresson photographs ($15); "The Selective Eye," a stunning book about modern art printed in color in Switzerland with English text ($7.95). . . . If you *really* want to bowl over somebody *very* dear to you place an order for a just-announced Zenith "Royal-500" all-transitor portable radio (price: about $75). An advance model had the governor of a big state, the producer of the year's most spectacular musical film, and a columnist who shall be nameless turning handsprings one evening recently.

THE STATE OF OHIO is liberally peppered with grade-A institutions of higher learning, and it was my privilege to lecture at four of them on successive evenings recently: Ashland College, Miami University, and the Universities of Cincinnati and Akron. Cincinnati, with over 15,000 students, and Akron, with over 6,000, both boast impressive new buildings and live-wire new presidents: Langsam at the former, Auburn at the latter. At Cincinnati it's a darn sight easier these days for a student to learn the Einstein theory than to find a place to park his car.

Miami University, with some 5,500 students, and its long-time neighbor,

Western College for Women, are about all there is to the lovely serene town of Oxford. Citizen Number One in September unquestionably was Walter ("Smokey") Alston, who accomplished the hitherto impossible feat of guiding the Brooklyn Dodgers to a world championship, but in October Walt had to take a back seat when Oxford's perky and personable Episcopalian minister, Alvin Kershaw, parlayed his extraordinary knowledge of jazz into a $32,000 windfall.

I met Mr. Kershaw at the Du Bois Bookshop, and found him thoroughly

THE DOG AND HIS BONE

It was big and juicy, and as he padded home with it across the footbridge, he caught sight of his reflection in the stream below.

Thinking that two bones were better than one, he dropped the one in his mouth, greedily grabbed at the second—and saw the real bone vanish with a splash.

What Aesop really said with this story, of course, was that to grasp at the shadow is to lose the substance—a clear-cut warning that we've sounded again and again ourselves.

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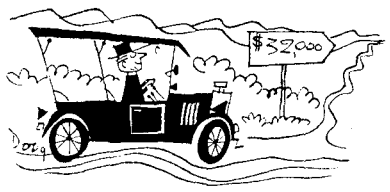
unspoiled and calm. After all, $32,000 is only about six years' salary to a small-town minister! He roams the countryside in a flivver of ancient vintage, and never even patronized a barber shop until he became a TV



celebrity: his wife, he said, cut his hair beautifully. M.C. Hal March had told me that all previous semi-finalists on the "$64,000 Question" had lost between seven and ten pounds during their ordeal, but Mr. Kershaw took the whole thing so in stride that a few members of his congregation never even knew what he was up to.

I found a few spoilsports in Oxford, of course, who professed to believe that it was undignified and unseemly for a minister to indulge in such shenanigans. Obviously, they just were green with envy. Whenever a man does something the least bit unexpected or unconventional there's always some snide bluenose on deck to grumble and deplore!

One of the country's outstanding photographers, George Hoxie, has moved his studio to Oxford, and the Miami English department is enhanced by the presence of Walter Havighurst. Walter entertained me in the evening with rousing stories about Sitting Bull and Annie Oakley, and again at eight the next morning while six workmen calmly ripped the roof from over my head. It was the first time I ever slept in a shingle bed.

It was in Miami, incidentally, that William Holmes McGuffey compiled his celebrated readers in 1836 and 1837, and where, later, Whitelaw Reid, Benjamin Harrison, and Bergen Evans got their degrees.

EDNA FERBER ONCE chided me for waxing enthusiastic about every bookseller I encountered in my travels. "It isn't that I like them all," I explaine to her, "but that I only talk abo the ones who impress me." After al I am a publisher by profession, an wouldn't I be a fool to antagonize de liberately a customer, no matter ho incompetent or disagreeable I thoug him? I simply dismiss the occasion sad-sacks from my mind! At any rat I want to go on record to the effe that Cincinnati boasts two of the be —and nicest—book-buyers in th country in the persons of Marg Henle at Shillito's and Angeline Cock erill at Pogue's. . . . Marga, inciden tally, is a ski champion on the side and her press representative, Joyc Kircher, is the only girl I know wh might win Miss America and Pulitze Poetry awards in the same year. . . The James Book Store, one of th oldest in the Midwest, is installed i handsome new premises on Eighth Street. . . . The Claytons have im bued the Blue Gift Shop at Ashlan with big-time atmosphere. And Mrs Guy Myers, Mrs. Miller, and the Rev. erend Mr. Andrews have been buyin rare bindings and first editions at Halle' as fast as Veronica Hutchinson coul bring them in from Britain. . . . Th day I was in Detroit Vince Rivers an Loretta Wetzler entertained 600 Mich igan teachers and librarians at break fast; then Chess Logomarsino steere them adroitly toward the bustlin Hudson book department. . . . Hud son's and Marshall Fields's are a con stant reminder that department-store book-sections can contribute their full quota of profits—*if* they are properly equipped and managed. Executives in other emporiums, who have banished book departments to a hole in the wall on an upper floor, could learn plenty by a short visit to Detroit and Chicago!

BROWSING IN A WASHINGTON Square bookshop, Peter Lind Hayes caught sight of an impromptu open-air chess tourney in progress in the park opposite, and went over to investigate. One decrepit old codger, so frail and weatherbeaten he scarcely could move the chessmen, nevertheless cleaned up every opponent with such ridiculous ease that Hayes scarcely could believe his eyes.

"Pop," he asked, "to what do you owe your amazing stamina and clarity of mind?"

"Sensible habits," quavered the victor. "Ever since I was fourteen I've imbibed two quarts of whiskey a day, used beer for a chaser, and made love to a different girl every afternoon and evening."

"Amazing," marveled Hayes. "How old are you?"

The answer was "*Going on twenty-two.*" —BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1133)
BERNAL DIAZ (DEL CASTILLO):

(THE DISCOVERY AND) CONQUEST OF MEXICO
(Edited by Eudora Garrett)

The priests of the idols brought us incense, the resin *copal*, and with pottery braziers full of live coals began to fumigate us. By signs they made us understand that we should quit their land before the firewood piled up next us should burn out.

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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 17, 1955

SHOULD PEOPLE DISTRUST LAWYERS?

The Law is one of those enterprises, like Human Nature or Art, which are of immense importance though they cannot be decisively defined. But if no one can say exactly what the Law is, everyone knows what un-Law is—and fears it. The United States has chosen to govern its national life by the general principles of English law, however mysterious, rather than by the sudden, arbitrary decrees of power-groups or despots. William Aspell, a Hartford, Connecticut, lawyer, has outlined here the reasons Americans have to be grateful for this choice. On the next page are sketches of some thinkers who have contributed to our modern ideas about the Law.

By WILLIAM P. ASPELL

OUR times glorify speed, efficiency, the flamboyant stroke. The law seems the antithesis of these things, an antique relic society has not yet had the courage to store in the attic beside the oil lamp and the spinning wheel. Its cumbersome processes irritate people. Unrest is aggravated on emotional occasions such as the Rosenberg appeals, the Hiss trials, sensational criminal proceedings like the Jelke vice trials and the Sheppard murder case; but even without such artificial stimulation the law is ever scorned.

Nor is public dissatisfaction with the law a new development. The cry of reformers and revolutionaries has always been loud against lawyers. Bench and bar have furnished villains for books and plays as far back as the Bible itself. Undoubtedly this hostility has its roots in a common aversion to a group which maintains itself upon the disputes and imperfections of other men. Certainly it is inevitable that those who cannot be aided will be disgruntled. And it is a commonplace of legal folklore that the victorious client seldom has a sense of gratitude. He is, after all, one of the elect receiving his due (after a totally unnecessary delay). But as for "those lawyers" who attached themselves to the cause like so many parasites?—people say that sensible men could have handled matters with greater speed and less expense. The law is truly an ass.

Although unexpressed, another cause for these hostile feelings is probably the human desire for a scapegoat. Those involved in the law seldom make its acquaintance under pleasant conditions. If the law is not responsible for their difficulties, the bitter family quarrel over Uncle Harry's will, the petty bickerings of the divorce courts, then the parties must accept the blame themselves. For all but the most mature this is difficult to do. Accordingly, in self-exculpation, they mutter loudly against the evils of the system designed to bring their problems to solution.

It must be frankly and sorrowfully admitted that the law and many of its practitioners are full of faults. We humans are a tainted race. With too many of us an opportunity for profit will always appear more attractive than the preservation of moral standards. Lawyers, in the nature of things, are often in positions from which they can profit unfairly; being human, sometimes they do. Because of the kind of work they do, also, lawyers are often incited to wrongdoing by their clients, a temptation some of them do not always resist.

Public distrust of the bar, therefore, has some justification in the acts of attorneys who have been false to their trust. No defense is offered for these men or against the hostility they bring upon themselves. The disturbing ele-

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ment of the criticisms is the inability of many detractors to make the necessary and important distinction between the errors of individual lawyers and awesome accomplishments of The Law.

Perhaps some would better grasp this distinction if a few of the law's important services in a democratic society were re-stated in non-legal terms. President Griswold of Yale recently said, "The American people do not sufficiently understand the rule of law because it has never been properly explained to them." If this is true certainly an attempt should be made. The logical starting point is a definition of law, but the winds of controversy howl so strongly around that subject that it seems unwise to take it on in a discussion of what law *does*. Therefore the term will not be defined; if this be chaos make the most of it. Though the subject is left uncrystalized, the concept is yet sufficiently definite for a broad look at its place in society. Let us say merely that the law embodies all the general rules of civilization, represented by constitutions, statutes, court decisions, and legislative regulations, which channel the daily lives of the citizens and controls their relations with the state and with each other.

Aside from religious authority or historical justification, what are the law's claims to the respect of society? First of all, it must be acknowledged that a sense of stability, the state of a community which permits intelligent planning for the future on the part of its citizens, is essential to freedom. There is nothing more typical of despotic government than the sudden midnight arrest; the unlooked-for, unexplained swerve of public policy by which the hero of yesterday becomes the traitor of today; the hopeless plight of the average man who cannot tell what his job, his money, or his life will be worth in the morning. The cataclysmic downfall of Lavrenti Beria and his henchmen, with its rumble of tanks and convictions to the Lubyanka and death, was a characteristic scene of despotism at work.

On the other hand, it is a commonplace of democratic life that tomorrow will be much like today, so that an

(*Continued on page* 37)

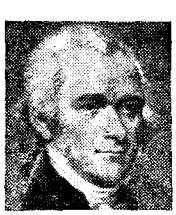
WHAT IS THE LAW?: Ancient lawgivers claimed the gods inspired their statutes, and men obeyed them from fear and faith. Then came the great Codes and Indexes of the Roman and Greek emperors. Then, after the Dark Ages, came a new approach, the reliance on usage and the patient, tolerant mood of the English Common Law, ultimately transmitted to America and the Empire.

THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743-1826): The most omnidextrous of American Presidents broke down the ancient English land practices of primogeniture and entail in Virginia, and insisted on a liberal philosophy for the new American Republic: *"The execution of the laws is more important than the making of them."*

THE EARL OF MANSFIELD (1705-1793): This mediocre eighteenth-century politician became a great Chief Justice, extending the English Constitution to the growing Empire: *"The law does not consist in particular instances and rules, but the law consists of the principles which govern specific cases as they arise."*

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS (1227-1274): The king of the Schoolmen—enormous in both mind and body—this Catholic theologian wrote the "Summa Theologiae" to systematize the whole corpus of medieval knowledge: *"Law: an ordinance of reason for the common good, made by him who has care of the community."*

JUSTINIAN THE GREAT (483-565): One of the most ambitious of the Byzantines, the Emperor Justinian sought to patch up his empire's frontiers and rally her resources; in addition to numerous edifices and military campaigns he supervised a new legal code: *"The safety of the state is the highest law."*



ALEXANDER HAMILTON (1757-1804): Washington's brilliant aide was primarily a financier and politician, but his *Federalist* essays were instrumental in encouraging aggressive claims for the Central Government: *"The complete independence of the courts of justice is peculiarly essential in a limited Constitution."*

SOLON (638 B.C.?-538 B.C.): Perhaps the first constitution-maker, Solon reorganized the Athenian Republic: "[*Solon said*] *that laws are like cobwebs, for if any trifling or powerless thing fell into them they held it fast; while if it were something weightier it broke through them and was off*" (Diogenes Laertius).

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE (1723-1780): More of a legal philosopher than a pioneering judge, in a time of near-medieval severities, Blackstone is famous for his "Commentaries," which are still studied by all lawyers of the English-speaking world: *"Mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings of humanity."*

SIR EDWARD COKE (1552-1634): English lawyer and Chief Justice, who defended the common law against the prerogatives and immunities of the early Stuart kings, framing the famous "Petition of Rights": *"Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason."*

HENRY DE BRACTON (?-1268): This early Norman-English ecclesiastic compiled a legal treatise mostly on the basis of the judicial system and innovations of England's great reformer-king, Henry II: *"It is a common saying that it is best first to catch the stag, and afterwards, when he has been caught, to skin him."*

JOHN MARSHALL (1755-1835): The powers and procedures of the modern Supreme Court were mainly established by Marshall, its greatest Chief Justice, who championed a strong and sovereign Central Government: *"That the power to tax involves the power to destroy* [*is*] *not to be denied."*

O. W. HOLMES, JR. (1841-1935): The beloved and influential "Great Dissenter," a Civil War veteran who survived to welcome FDR, commanded one of the finest literary styles of his time: *"The prophecies of what the courts will do in fact, and nothing more pretentious, are what I mean by the law."*

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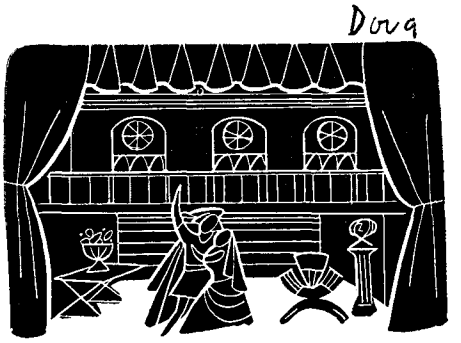


AMERICAN THEATRE and the Human Spirit

By ELMER RICE

IT WAS, I believe, Anatole France who defined criticism as the adventures of a soul among masterpieces. But most critics necessarily function upon a far less exalted plane. Not only is there, at any given moment, a scarcity of masterpieces, but the number of souls capable of high adventure is equally rare. The practitioner of the arts who attempts to evaluate the work of his contemporaries embarks upon a dubious undertaking. If he is hypocritical or consciously tactful he will extravagantly overpraise his fellow artists (particularly if they happen to be his personal friends); if he is spiteful or envious he will be unfairly disparaging. But even if he tries to be impersonal or impartial unconscious influences will color his judgment. Either he will elevate his co-workers and thus, by association, become a member of a glorious company; or else, painfully aware of his shortcomings, he will find solace in bringing others down to his own level.

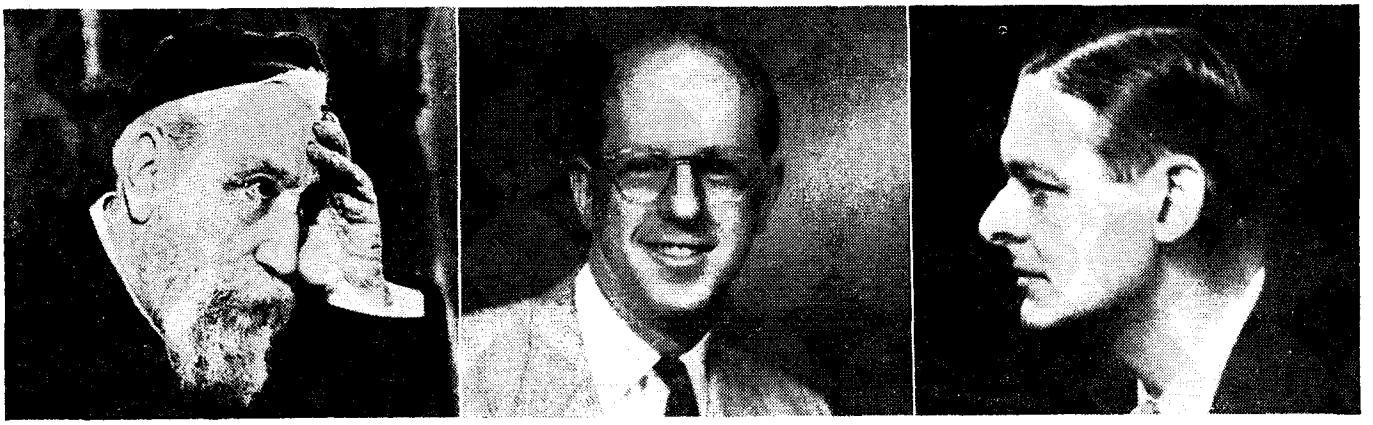
For these reasons, if for no other, I shall in this discussion of the contemporary drama in America refrain from commenting upon individual writers or their works, but shall limit myself to an attempt to discover what ideological, cultural, and psychological trends are discernible in the American theatre of today. And though I speak of the American theatre I believe that its essential qualities are more or less characteristic of the theatre of the whole Western world.

To begin with, we must remind ourselves that the artist, and particularly the dramatist, does not exist in a vacuum. He is a product of his times, and is most effective and significant when he expresses and reflects the currents of thought and of feeling that prevail in the society in which he lives. I say particularly the dramatist, for the drama is primarily a mass art. It addresses itself to the crowd rather than to the individual. And we all know that the responses of the crowd are more conservative, more emotional, less differentiated, than are those of the individuals who compose it. Furthermore, the fluid and kinetic nature of the drama makes it imperative that apprehenson be swift and unmistakable. There is no time for reflection, no time to turn back the page, to view the image from more than one angle, to examine the texture of the material. What is not instantly grasped is forever lost. Hence, the dramatist, more than any other artist, must express himself in terms of the tempo and the outlook of his era. His role is not that of the thinker, the innovator, the discoverer, but, at his best, that of a catalytic agent, who fuses and vivifies what is already deeply believed or unconsciously felt by his audience. His work projects only what is already discernible: he is the mirror of his times.

All plays deal with the nature of man, and with his relationship to his fellow men, and to the material and spiritual universe. If we look swiftly at three great periods of world drama we see, at once, how man's concept of himself is portrayed by the dramatist. To the Greeks man was an exalted, even a semi-divine being, the chief preoccupation of the gods on Olympus, and often on extremely intimate terms with them. His life's course was determined by inevitable destiny and inexorable moral laws. When the fallible protagonist of the Greek play came to his tragic end it was not defeat that was signalized, but rather the affirmation and vindication of universal principles of human behavior.

In Elizabethan times the gods were less dominant, but the world was still anthropocentric; it was still possible for man to believe that there was a divinity that shaped his ends. The Renaissance had awakened the Western world from the long sleep of the Middle Ages. It was a period of adventure and of discovery: the classics of antiquity and the New World beyond the seas. Man was flexing his muscles and proclaiming himself monarch of all he surveyed. His authority may have been recognized as brief, but he was still man, proud man. It has always seemed significant to me that Hamlet does not end with the heaping up of corpses at the court of Elsinore, but is carried on a beat farther to the triumphal entry of Fortinbras. The hero dies, but the life-cycle and the continuity of law and order are unbroken. The elo-

(*Continued on page* 39)



Anatole France, W. D. Sievers, T. S. Eliot—"the dramatist must express himself in terms of the tempo and the outlook of his era."

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—Howard Coster.

THE AUTHOR: "Consciously there is a part of me that is closely identified with Europe," Laurens van der Post has written in the introduction to "The Dark Eye in Africa," "but at heart I am indelibly and irrevocably in and of Africa." The popular conception of the white man in Africa is, at best, that of an employe in a gigantic adoption agency, but evidence of Colonel van der Post's deep association with the continent lies in practically every sentence he writes. Born in an Orange Free State village, of *voortrekker,* or pioneer, Dutch parentage, Van der Post's first language was Afrikaans, and he spoke no English until he was ten. His childhood travels took him from the interior to the Cape of Good Hope and Japan, and at the start of World War II, being in England, he enlisted in the Commandos as a private and emerged ten years later a colonel.

He served in Abyssinia, North Africa, Syria, the Dutch East Indies, and Java, where he had been sent at General Wavell's request to organize guerilla resistance and where he was taken prisoner by the Japanese. Since the war Van der Post has carried out a number of special missions for the British Government, the most recent being to the Kalahari Desert of South Africa. He lists his vocations as writer, explorer, and farmer, having farmed both in Africa and England, where he and his wife own a house in Chelsea and a cottage in Suffolk. But Africa and its (and the world's) problems of race can claim four of his five books and most of his thoughts. Several years ago, recounting in *Holiday* how a terrible mass despair had engulfed his Japanese prison camp after forced attendance at some brutal executions, Van der Post wrote, "Something had to be done, but what? Without any effort on my part the answer presented itself: 'Go and talk Africa to them'." He did, for hours and with such feeling that the sense of final defeat never returned. He has been "talking Africa to them" ever since. —Richard Lemon.

AFRICA

What Is the African Soul?

"The Dark Eye in Africa," by Laurens van der Post *(William Morrow. 224 pp. $3), is a South African's attempt to answer some of the problems of Black and White in his native continent. Our reviewer is Stuart Cloete, author of "The African Giant."*

By Stuart Cloete

ALMOST every week there are books about the problem of Black and White in Africa. Many of them very superficial and most of them with a strong anti-White bias, written by men who have never lived there and do not realize the difficulties of what I call the "African Transition"—transition from the early Iron Age to the terrible and complex period in which we live where man is utterly divorced from reality.

There have been several exceptions recently. Notable among these is John Gunther's "Inside Africa." Gunther is a trained observer. His book is important because it is so comprehensive. Minor errors are more than compensated for by the massive overall of the design. Now we have Colonel Laurens van der Post's "The Dark Eye in Africa." Like myself, Van der Post is a South African. Our ancestors were among the first settlers who landed in Table Land three hundred years ago. Our country is in our blood. All three of us agree that Africa is changing, that there can be no status quo. All three of us, at one time or other, have made our own separate contribution to the general picture which the reading public, ignorant of this vast continent, must paint in its own mind.

"The Dark Eye" consists of two main parts: the basis for discussion; and the discussion, or discussions. A series of questions are posed by an American lady, a missionary's wife, an Englishwoman, an Afrikaner, an English-speaking South African, and many others. Colonel van der Post answers in great detail in his inimitable prose.

Some of his answers I agree with. But the subject is so controversial that full agreement at all points in any group is almost impossible. But his most important message is that the trouble in Africa is spiritual ar not economic. That the African suffering from the general world ur rest. We are all in danger of losir our souls, but the African, nearer reality than we are, is fighting des perately for his. He is terrified losing his past and failing to gai the future.

This is the key to the African doo I quote: "If you look at the Africa situation in terms of economics yo will find yourself against a blank wal Economically the African is bette off than he has ever been before. . . He has a larger share of the materi goods of this world and what is calle a 'higher standard of living.' It is tru he still has far less than the Euro pean, but economically his life is o the upgrade. . . ." So good is his situ ation that one of the problems in th Union of South Africa is the influ of foreign natives from Portugues East Africa and Rhodesia who com in to get work.

THE African trouble is spiritua That is our trouble too, but we ar already too far divorced from realit to know it. Two months ago I wa on the veld in Africa. I could see n house, only the dry yellow grass, th blue mountains in the distance, an the sky. I could see nothing mad by man. Today in New York I ca see only concrete walls. I cannot ever walk on the earth. The great sky i reduced to pocket-handkerchief siz in which planes fly instead of birds This is what frightens the African for his gods and the spirits of hi fathers dwell in such natural thing as the rocks and rivers and the an cient trees.

This is the aspect of the African's soul that Van der Post brings out i the "Dark Eye in Africa." It is some thing that must be understood before Africa, or the African, can be ap proached.

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African Ill-Wind

"They Wait in Darkness," by George W. Shepherd (John Day, 308 p. $4), is a young American's report on his two years' work representing an African farmers' cooperative in Uganda, the most Negroid of the three British colonies in Central Africa. John Barkham, our reviewer, is a native of South Africa and recently visited Central Africa to study conditions.

By John Barkham

IN ONE of its pamphlets not long ago the Foreign Policy Association made the point that "yesterday the interest of America was in Asia, but today it is in Africa." So far that interest has been chiefly journalistic, but "They Wait in Darkness" is a book about Africa by a young American who has given practical meaning to the aforementioned words. George W. Shepherd is not a novelist dramatizing race tensions or a traveler recounting his experiences on the Dark Continent. He is, on the contrary, an American who went out to live among the Africans for no other purpose than to help them develop their resources and raise their standard of living. This book is his report on his self-appointed mission.

The area of his choice was Uganda, the most Negroid of the three British colonies in Central Africa and the most advanced agriculturally. Because the young American was not a politician or a missionary or a reporter the British looked askance at him. In these days of African unrest colonial officials find it hard to believe that plain, old-fashioned idealism might be a visitor's reason for entering a colony. Yet Shepherd tells us—and there seems no reason to disbelieve it—that he went to Uganda because he believed in "the brotherhood of man and the essential ethical unity of all the world's great religions." This, of course, immediately made him suspect, but the British finally unbent and let him in.

With the problem of rising nationalism on their hands they were understandably reluctant to have an outsider come in to meddle. As a matter of fact, Shepherd meddled to good purpose for the African farmers' cooperative he represented. The two principal crops exported by Uganda are cotton and coffee, and he was able to win substantial concessions for African growers in the marketing of these crops.

It wasn't achieved without heartbreak and humiliation, as the book makes amply clear. Anyone familiar with colonial officialdom and, worse still, with white farmers, will readily appreciate the magnitude of Shepherd's achievement. Fortunately for him, the British governor at the time (1951-1953) was—and still is—Sir Andrew Cohen, an administrator of unusually enlightened outlook.

The author confirms my own recent impression in Central Africa that Uganda is much more likely to set the pattern for future African development than its sister colonies of Kenya or Tanganyika. Kenya may have larger towns (*e.g.*, Nairobi, Mombasa), but they are the white man's towns. In Uganda the African peasantry farms its own land, and the whites play a secondary role, which is perhaps why the Mau-Mau rebellion never spread into Uganda.

In Kenya Mr. Shepherd saw what some visitors miss—huge highland farms in superb settings, owned by a relative handful of whites, while around Nairobi the blacks were squeezed cheek by jowl into minimal allotments. "Never had I seen such crowding of land before, even in populous China," he reports. "I have heard the bitter comment Africans make on this situation. 'When the white man came,' they say, 'we had the land and he the Bible. Now he has the land and we the Bible'."

Mr. Shepherd feels that the British might have headed off the Mau-Mau rebellion by timely concessions on land and political representation. Certainly Britain has learned a bitter lesson in Kenya. One reason she survives as a colonial power is because she profits from such lessons, so the ill wind which blew in Kenya may bring benefits to Uganda.

The author goes so far as to suggest that the whole policy of white settlement in Central and East Africa was a mistake and urges that it be discouraged, if not prohibited, in the future. It's not too late for that now: Africa is being Westernized and the process cannot be arrested. What should be done is not to try and unscramble the egg but to work out a satisfactory basis of society for Africans and whites. You can play on the white keys of a piano, and you can play on the black, but to make real music you need both.

With Africa now awakening from its long sleep it makes good sense, from the economic as well as the humanitarian point of view, for the United States to extend a helping hand. George Shepherd was one young American who pioneered in this respect, and I hope his book inspires others to follow his example.

—*Blackstone Studios.*

George W. Shepherd—"plain idealism."

Notes

PATHMARKER OF THE DARK CONTINENT: For his contribution to the Teach Yourself History Series, a project designed to acquaint the reader with an area of history through the agency of a central commanding figure, Professor Jack Simmons has a natural combination in his **"Livingstone and Africa"** (Macmillan, $2). To those who consider Livingstone symbolic of glamour-packed exploration the facts as given by Professor Simmons may prove somewhat unspectacular. Certainly it has moments of drama, is not completely devoid of humor, and discusses the problems and difficulties faced by Livingstone as an explorer and missionary with a quiet authority that is refreshing in its lack of theatrics.

The portrait of Livingstone himself is drawn not with a sentimental, but with a sympathetic pen that traces the angularities of his personality as readily as his nobler characteristics. The intimations of monomania, which are prevalent in Professor Simmons's analysis of Livingstone, are not a means of belittling his achievements but rather suggest how Livingstone could endure such ill health and yet accomplish so much in the field of geographic exploration.

Professor Simmons has produced a tightly-knit story, reflecting, I suspect, what he terms Livingstone's "astringent Scots manner" in his prose technique. Certainly the lack of prolixity is not a subject for complaint—and, if one occasionally feels he is conservative in his anecdotes, considering the necessary brevity of the volume he does extremely well in developing Livingstone's work within the larger context of the opening up of

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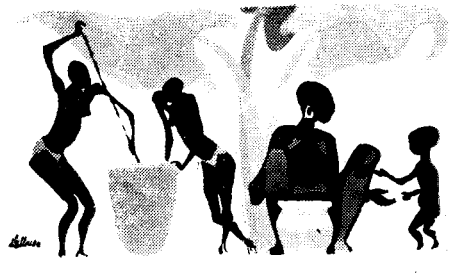
Africa to the West. For those who like their history bite-sized, "Livingstone and Africa" is worth a sampling.

—J. R. McGuire.

AT HOME WITH THE BUSHMEN: John Taylor, the son of a prominent Dublin surgeon, grew up with a passion for Africa, and after finishing his schooling at Shrewsbury and looking briefly for adventure in Canada after World War I, he finally landed at Capetown with twenty gold sovereigns and a Harley-Davidson motorcycle. From the moment he landed he felt like a native returning home after a long absence. He instantly went as far north as the motorcycle would carry him, and then by riding on freight trains reached the neighborhood of Victoria Falls. There, shedding clothes and the habits of civilization as he went, he acquired a native guide and started to learn the bushcraft that built the career he describes in **"Pondoro: The Last of the Ivory Hunters"** (Simon and Schuster, $4.95).

Although he has lived for the last thirty years as a hunter, Taylor is primarily a lover of Africa who has chosen the most convenient and the most exciting way to live in the country to which he has a perfect affinity. From the first he has lived with his native companions in the kind of intimacy that few white men in Africa have permitted themselves. Because he has shared blankets, tents, and food with them, and because he has shown a humble respect for their bushcraft, he has become essentially an African himself. Out of the vast knowledge he has thus acquired about his adopted country he has fashioned a book that is more than the conventional record of dangerous stalks and narrow escapes. It is a warm and sensitive portrait of the wild life, both human and animal, that still lies almost totally outside the boundaries of civilization. In addition, because he has systematically described the habits not only of game animals but of many lesser-known fauna, and because he has given organized observations on native customs, religion, and skills, he has written a useful handbook for prospective hunters and sightseers in Central Africa.

—Thomas E. Cooney.



Light on the Dark Continent

A SPATE of books dealing with every aspect of the continent of Africa has appeared in the last several years. The most important of these were listed in SR *for October 1, 1955. But the flood continues, as is indicated by the following list of brand-new books about that continent. We have annotated these below with a brief description in each case of the subject matter and of the point of view from which the author approaches it.*

AFRICAN CROSSROADS. *By Sir Charles Dundas. St. Martin's Press.* $4. In these personal memoirs one of the last servants of the old British Colonial Service in Africa sums up his thirty-six years on the African continent, most of which were spent in those vast territories which lie across the heart of the continent: Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, and Northern Rhodesia. Sir Charles's point of view is, of course, that of a British official, and it is from this point of view that he tells of Africa during two world wars and during the period of its emergence—through educational, medical, and economic improvements—from the status of a child in world affairs to the status of an adult. In November 1944 he left Africa for the last time; then the British Colonial Service disappeared and was replaced by a new organization known as Her Majesty's Overseas Service. Of this transition Sir Charles writes at the end of his book: "It may be that a greater Commonwealth will emerge, but it is questionable whether its new members will be served as well as in the days when they were Colonies of the last and greatest of Empires."

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF WEST AFRICA. *By J. D. Fage. Cambridge University Press.* $2.50. Little has been written of the history of West Africa, and therefore Dr. Fage has felt it necessary to label his history of that region an "introduction." But this "introduction" to West African history reaches back to the days of the eleventh, thirteenth, and sixteenth centuries (to each of which Dr. Fage devotes a sizable chapter), explores the influences of North Africa, Western Europe, and the Americas on that region, and concludes with a summary of West Africa's economic development during the twentieth century. The book seems to be written from an objective historian's point of view. Its author is senior history lecturer at the University College of the Gold Coast.

AFRICA IN THE MODERN WORLD. *Edited by Calvin W. Stillman. University of Chicago Press.* $6. This volume is the result of the 1953 Institute at the University of Chicago of the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation in International Relations. In it sixteen social scientists from five nations examine the economic, social, and political patterns of contemporary Africa in an effort to promote "a better understanding on the part of American citizens of the [African peoples], thus establishing a basis for improved international relations and a more enlightened world order." From this point of view the volume attempts to present accurate information about Africa, not propaganda or opinion, and discusses, among other African matters, such topics as the impact of colonialism on African social forms, the economic development of Africa, the rise of Africa in world politics, and U. S. policy toward the continent of Africa.

THE GOLD COAST IN TRANSITION. *By David E. Apter. Princeton University Press.* $5. An assistant professor of political science at Northwestern University, having done considerable research in the Gold Coast and at the British Institute of Colonial Affairs, here attempts to analyze the reasons for and the results of the amazing political transformation by which the Gold Coast became the first African colony to take the political form of a parliamentary democracy following the long years as a country of tribal dependency. Always from the viewpoint of the political scientist, Professor Apter poses such questions as these: How effective is democracy in an area where it is foreign? Is it possible to break through the traditions and superstitions of chieftaincy? What happens when political structures which have developed for many years in one culture are reconstructed in a place where they are non-indigenous? The volume is of interest not only to students of African politics but also to students of the type of political

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ransformation of which the Gold Coast is a case in point.

ZAMBESI. *By J. F. MacDonald. St. Martin's Press.* $4.50. Ostensibly a travelogue through the remote reaches of Africa's grandest rivers, the Zambesi, Mr. MacDonald's book describes the sights and sounds, the people, and the natural history to be found along that river's banks, from its source (in Angola) to its mouth (in Mozambique) and from its huge power dams and modern industrial settlements to its remote villages and primitive men and animals. But the book also offers Mr. MacDonald's own opinions on the reasons for South African race tensions, on the attitudes of the Nationalist Afrikaner, and on other African matters of current interest.

A CURE FOR SERPENTS. *By Alberto Denti di Pirajno. Translated by Kathleen Naylor. William Sloane Associates.* $4. The author, an Italian whose title is Duke of Pirjno, spent twenty years in North Africa, where he practised medicine and acted as a colonial administrator. According to his story, he was completely accepted by the natives, and as a result he emerged with a host of tales about these natives. Among his real-life characters are an African who claimed to have swallowed a serpent (and gave the book its title), a young Negress who charmed scorpions, and several characters who imparted to the doctor-duke the backstairs gossip of the Tunisian brothels, much of which he also repeats for the benefit of his readers, thereby flavoring the book's lighthearted approach toward Africa.

AFRICAN MUSIC FROM THE SOURCE OF THE NILE. *By Joseph Kyagambiddwa. Frederick A. Praeger.* $4.50. In this book a native African scholar has studied and recorded the words and music (together with translations and explanations for each song) of the Baganda people—a people whose music, says the author, is the key to understanding all African and African-inspired music. Of the 162 songs recorded in the book some are religious songs, some are work songs, and some are general folklore songs. Some titles which give an indication of the subject matter: "He Who Has Never Seen a Gun," "Let's Go to the God of War," "The Little Lion," and "Loving a Beautiful One Means Entreaties." At the end of the book Mr. Kyagambiddwa has also provided some analyses of the rhymes, the word rhythms, and the pronunciations of the languages employed in his collection.

Schweitzer in Alvastone

THIS IS the season of inspiration and of brotherhood, and this is the story of how one man's selfless acts of brotherhood inspired another to artistic heights far beyond his modest aspirations. It goes back to a year ago last August, when Leo Cherne, executive director of the Research Institute of America and one of the country's leading economists, went to Saigon for the International Rescue Committee, of which he is chairman. His purpose in carrying out the IRC's work was to see what could be done for intellectuals and artists trapped behind the advancing Iron Curtain in Vietnam. Mr. Cherne left Saigon with a program of aid called "Operation Brotherhood." But the enormity of the problem so distressed him, and he suffered such acute physical fatigue, that he collapsed, and for long weeks was hospitalized.

"In the fatigue after Saigon many things came into sharp focus," says Mr. Cherne. "I realized that Indochina is suffering from colonialism just as Dr. Albert Schweitzer's people are in Equatorial French Africa." And when, as occupational therapy, Mr. Cherne—who was but an amateur sculptor—began to model a head of Dr. Schweitzer he poured into the work all the admiration and understanding he had of the great humanitarian doctor. He spent some five months on it, thirty to forty hours on Saturdays and Sundays.

Dr. Schweitzer has said that of all the sculptures done of him Mr. Cherne's is the one that has given him the most pleasure.

A bronze of the original plastilene bust was presented to the Smithsonian Institution, at their request, on October 12. Mr. Cherne gave another to the Overseas Press Club on October 25 in recognition of the fact that it was the foreign correspondents who first brought Dr. Schweitzer to the attention of the American people. It is the Club's wish that the head be on permanent display.

Mr. Cherne has never seen Dr. Schweitzer in person. "About eight years ago," he recalls, "Norman Cousins arranged an invitation for me to go to Aspen, Colorado, to lecture with Dr. Schweitzer. The doctor had traveled half the world—from Lambarene, Africa—to be there, but I, a brash young man of thirty-four, was too busy to go! I was involved in writings and broadcasts for the Research Institute of America. I have never gotten over my arrogance in not going."

To model his bust Mr. Cherne mounted twenty photographs of Dr. Schweitzer on a large cardboard, roughly as though the head were turning from right to left. The biggest handicap, he says, was that there was no adequate picture of the left side of the doctor's face. Nevertheless, his work is of such artistic merit that Alva Studios, which recently perfected a means for reproducing the world's great sculpture at low cost, have added it to their line, and copies are now available to the public at $17.50 each. Mr. Cherne has assigned the bulk of his royalties from the sale of the head to the Albert Schweitzer Hospital Fund, the rest to the International Rescue Committee.

The copies of the Schweitzer bust are in Alvastone, a stonelike formula developed by Alva Studios that can be made to simulate almost any material. So perfect a copy can be made with it that museums are concerned lest someone exchange a reproduction for an original, leaving them, if suspicious, with the difficult decision whether to risk ruining an original with the chemicals necessary to detect Alvastone.

Readers wishing to help the work of the Albert Schweitzer Hospital Fund and the International Rescue Committee may secure the Cherne sculpture from these bookstores: Vroman's, Pasadena, Calif.; City of Paris, San Francisco, Calif.; Remington's Bookstore, Baltimore, Md.; Brentano's, New York City; Rosengren's, San Antonio, Tex.; and The Hecht Co., Washington, D.C. —ROCHELLE GIRSON.

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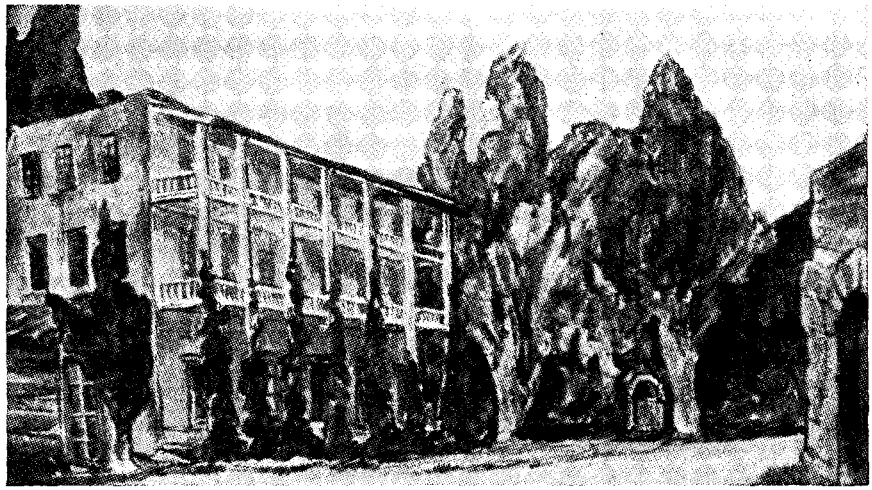
FICTION



—By Muriel Sibell Wolle for "The Bonanza Trail."

A mid-nineteenth-century Western hotel—"rich fabric of a fabulous period."

Variety of the Frontier

***"Miss Morissa, Doctor of the Gold Trails," by Mari Sandoz** (McGraw-Hill. 249 pp. $3.75), is a novel about a woman physician by a leading historian of the American West.*

By Oliver La Farge

OF LIVING writers few are as qualified as Mari Sandoz to write of the old West of the bad men, the early cattle men, and the still smoldering—and sometimes blazing—Indian tribes. She has the knowledge and at her best she writes it down superbly. In her new novel, "Miss Morissa, Doctor of the Gold Trails," Miss Sandoz has fictionalized an inclusive survey and a social history of the almost unbelievably dramatic and crowded couple of years following the discovery of gold in the Black Hills and the breaking of the Sioux tribes. Her central figure and channel for her history is the unusual one of a woman frontier doctor.

Miss Sandoz has not quite solved the problem of the historical novel. In such a novel the writer must create a personal story strong enough to hold the reader regardless of setting, and this story must blend smoothly with the history in hand. Dr. Morissa Kirk's story neatly fulfils the latter requirement, but it fails in the former. We have something of a double triangle—Miss Morissa the woman vis-à-vis Mr. Right and Mr. Wrong, and this triangle in turn in opposition to Dr. Morissa the dedicated physician vis-à-vis the demands of her calling and the obstacles inherent in the time and place.

Both conflicts are a trifle obvious, as though the author, intent really on the social history, had set them up impatiently. The heroine's rejections of Mr. Right and her tendency to adhere to Mr. Wrong end by seeming artificial, and as the book goes on the reader rather loses interest in whatever the eventual decisions may be. Everything is set straight, all the conflicts are resolved, Miss Morissa gets the fine man she truly loves and the villain is eliminated, and Dr. Morissa gets her special hospital and is securely enshrined in the hearts of the people, all in the last few pages. It is all much too neat, although the catalytic event that brings it about is a bit of logical and ingenious invention.

Setting aside the fictional element, the book is a remarkably rich fabric of the mores and events of a fabulous period. We have had parts of it from Owen Wister, and are getting a little more now from his diaries; Miss Sandoz gives us a generous helping. Here are the wealth and luxury side by side with poverty and barren primitiveness, the sporting Englishmen, the Texans, the assorted bad men and would-be bad men, the people of the gold rush, the cowpunchers, the nesters, and the Indians. Here are vice and virtue. We get even some excellently handled, acidly accurate glimpses of Buffalo Bill and Calamity Jane. I know of no other popular work that so well covers the variety of the frontier that vanished so fast.

Lifetime Love

***"These Lovers Fled Away," by Howard Spring** (Harper. 483 pp. $4.50), tells the story of an English orphan named Chad Boothroyd and his love for Rose Garland, who was loved also by three other men.*

By Walter Havighurst

IN "These Lovers Fled Away," a novel that ranges over much of England and most of the past half century, Howard Spring traces the interwoven lives of four men who grew up from a country boyhood to take prominent places in the science, politics, poetry, and drama of their time. It is a long, full, steadily unfolding panorama, a story of school and college, of war and the uneasy life of England afterward and then of war again. Events and coincidence bring these boyhood friends together after their separate careers have sent them apart. But their strongest tie is the magnetic Rose Garland, whom they have known from their early years.

As Mr. Spring tells it, this is Chad Boothroyd's story, the story of his fatherless boyhood, his half-idle years at Oxford and his half-hearted years as a journalist in Manchester, his fame as a playwright, and his lifelong love for Rose Garland.

From Pendeverel on the Cornwall Coast Chad was taken to the windy fells of Yorkshire, and there on a winter night when the little town was blanketed white and quiet as a grave, he discovered John Keats. He turned to his friend Eustace Hawke to share the excitement of that discovery, and that evening he left his friend, repeating "And they are gone: aye, ages long ago/These lovers fled away into the storm." A few years later Eustace Hawke, the pale young poet, ran off to Germany with Rose Garland.

The storm of the twentieth century was rising, and soon it swept them all—the poet who abandoned his mistress and lost his legs in the war, the scientist who began his long search for the secret of atomic structure, the economist who became a power in the Labour Party, and Chad Boothroyd, who during a convalescence in Cornwall wrote a play like "Journey's End."

Years later when Chad was married to Rose Garland he saw a legless pavement artist humped over the sidewalk by the Thames. His decision to take the maimed Eustace into his

(Continued on page 36)

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U.S.A.

Our Side's Propaganda

"Facts to a Candid World," by Oren Stephens *(Stanford University Press. 164 pp. $3.50), presents a seasoned analysis of some of our successes and our failures in influencing world opinion from the days of the Creel Committee of World War I to those of the present United States Information Agency. Our reviewer, Theodore S. Repplier, who is president of the Advertising Council, has recently spent six months studying American propaganda throughout the world.*

By Theodore S. Repplier

SINCE the earliest frosts of the Cold War the lot of the American propagandist has been a dark and unhappy one. Rushed to the front like the taxicab army of World War I, our overseas propagandists were commanded to mix their secret brews of psychology and semantics to overpower the opposition. When this did not happen and the Communists continued to flourish harsh epithets filled the air above Capitol Hill. The information men were incompetent, they were half-witted; or more likely, they were downright subversive.

Happily, the clamor about the cracked voice of America is dying down considerably as the problem comes to be better understood. Yet a small body of violent and largely uninformed critics remains (the more uninformed the more violent), and to these critics Oren Stephens's new book is particularly recommended. If he does not win their loyalty, Mr. Stephens should at least win their sympathy. For the great virtue of "Facts to a Candid World" is that it reveals the bewildering complexity of the job of influencing world opinion. Its shortcoming, perhaps deliberate, is that it only hints at solutions.

Mr. Stephens confines himself strictly to the American front in the Cold War. He makes no attempt, as did Alex Inkeles in "Public Opinion in Soviet Russia" or F. Bowen Evans in "Worldwide Communist Propaganda Activities," to reveal the extent and the military discipline of the Communist machinations. Instead he presents a seasoned analysis of some of our propaganda successes and failures, well documented by cases from the Creel Committee of World War I, the Office of War Information, the International Information Administration, and today's United States Information Agency.

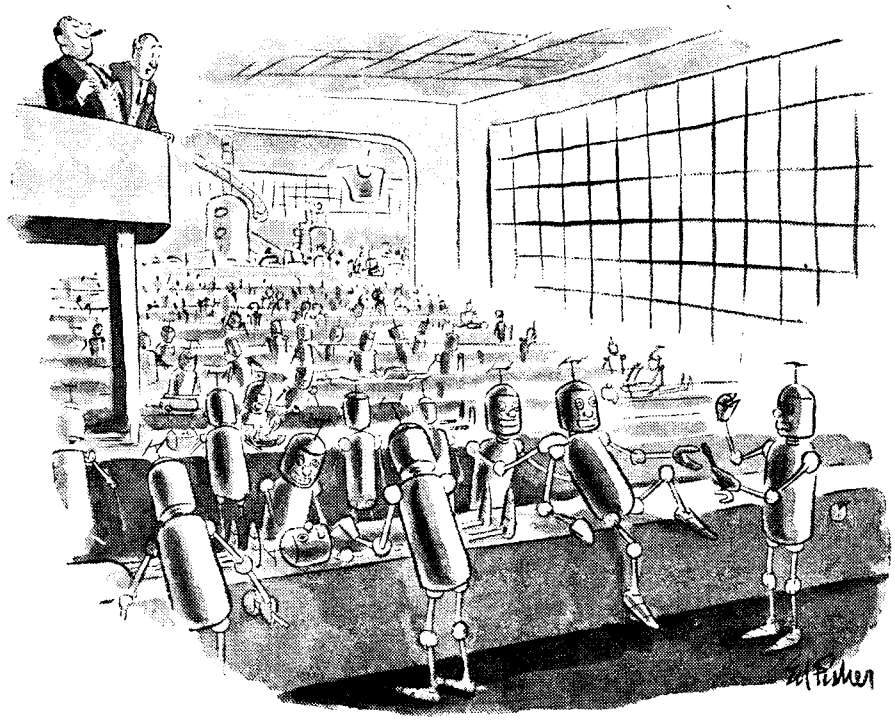
Critics of our propaganda program are particularly invited to scan the opening page of "Facts to a Candid World," for there they will likely find their own pet antidote to the poison of Communism. Mr. Stephens treats these cliches gently. He does not say there is no truth in them, but he reveals them for the oversimplifications they are.

Oren Stephens speaks as one who has been through the mill. Originally a journalist (he was editor of the *Evening Press* of Santa Rosa, California, and the West Coast editor of *Newsweek*), he served in World War II as head of OWI in southern Africa, and was for a time acting head of U. S. psychological warfare operations in Southeast Asia. When Andrew Berding was put in charge of planning for the Eisenhower Administration's U.S. Information Agency he persuaded Oren Stephens to leave the faculty of the National War College to help USIA do its global planning.

Edward W. Barrett, the former Assistant Secretary of State in charge of overseas information during the Truman Administration, contributed to the still-new American art of propaganda with his book "Truth Is Our Weapon"; particularly he emphasized the explosive power of truth. But whereas Mr. Barrett's book was largely autobiographical, Mr. Stephens seldom resorts to the first-person singular. Instead he fences in his conclusions with a calm, schoolmasterish objectivity. One by one he drives his points into the corral: there is no propaganda formula; public opinion is decisive; a democracy has scores of uncoordinated voices; we must write a simple platform and stick to it. Experienced propagandists will find little to disagree with and a great deal to admire. Both the research and reasoning are top drawer.

PARTICULARLY enlightening to those who have never served a term in the United States Government is Mr. Stephens's bland discussion of why the United States, from a public-relations standpoint, so often puts its foot in its mouth. The process of decision making is so complex and the procedures are so "wracked by built-in conflict" that something offensive to overseas public opinion is fairly certain to pop up.

The lot of the United States propagandist is hard, but Mr. Stephens's readable book should serve to soften it. Let us hope that among its more thoughtful readers will be found a certain Congressman on the House Appropriations Committee, who eats propagandists for breakfast.



"Yes, but good heavens, Hopkins, where is this all going to end?"

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Age of Conformity?

***"The Scene Before You,"** edited by Chandler Brossard (Rinehart. 307 pp. $4), is a collection of essays by leading American writers which are designed to set forth a new approach to the problems of present-day American culture. Harvey Wish, who reviews the collection here, is the author of "Contemporary America."*

By Harvey Wish

TO PROVIDE "a kaleidoscopic view of the contemporary American cultural scene" Chandler Brossard has culled twenty-four critical essays of the past decade from thoughtful journals like *Commentary, The Partisan Review,* and *American Mercury.* It is difficult to understand why this effort should be subtitled "A New Approach to American Culture" in view of a steady stream of such books, *e.g.,* Harold Stearns's "America Now," Charles Beard's "Whither Mankind," Simeon Strunsky's "The Living Tradition." But the essays do have in common a good deal of highly sensitive perception, an atmosphere of informality, and a healthy variety of opinions.

There is a tremendous awareness of the impact of machine-fostered values upon our society. Marshall McLuhan of the University of Toronto thinks that the machine motif is the dominant one for the Luce publications, which bury the identity of the writers in anonymity, and he says so in "The Psychopathology of *Time* and *Life.*"

Manny Farber, former movie critic of *The Nation,* thinks that the movies have surrendered reality to a "fog of interpretation" involving vulgarized Freudianism and dubious use of symbols and camera tricks. He dates the "revolution" with Orson Welles's "Citizen Kane." On the other hand, there is generous praise for TV drama from Norman Podhoretz, who argues that there is a tendency to "a kind of domestic realism whose effect derives from its accuracy in reflecting the ordinary man's conception of the world."

Most agree that current literature reflects the atmosphere of conformity. Seymour Krim's "Our Middle-Aged 'Young Writers'" holds that the so-called young writers tend to lack life experience and to be perpetual graduate students rather than men of action like Hemingway and Fitzgerald. The new values are no longer those of the alienated and exclusivist Lost Generation but those of psychoanalysis—integration, adjustment, conformity.

This line of reasoning is carried on in Harvey Swados's "The Caine Mutiny." In explaining the extraordinary popularity of Wouk he says, "The taste of the middle-class reading public is conditioned by an increasing prosperousness in a military economy, tending to reinforce conservative moral concepts and to strengthen a traditional envy and distrust of intellectuals and dissidents."

As for the sad state of the intelligentsia of the 1920s, for one segment at least there remains only the question of a decent burial—Greenwich Village. Milton Klonsky writes feelingly of the utter sterility of what is left today of a community that made negation into a life principle.

Among the essays rich in social psychology is Bernard Wolfe's "Ecstatic in Blackface," which interprets the role of the Negro, particularly in his efforts to live up to the expectations of the white community, as almost wholly other-directed. The necessity of retaining a mask, a false-face get-up for the dominant whites, and a mechanical spontaneity while reverting frequently elsewhere to a wholly different personality destroys genuine spontaneous expression, says Mr. Wolfe.

So many of the essayists obviously share a feeling of intellectual alienation that is not altogether different—though far more adult—from that of the Lost Generation. As products of the 1950s they represent the highly sensitive intellectual's reaction to a world that he never made. But, unlike the Lost Generation, the younger rebels are unable to transmute their dissent into high art. In the genuine problems raised by these essays this dilemma is laid bare.

—*Blackstone Studios.*

Walter White—"defender of the faith."

Where Is Freedom?

***"How Far the Promised Land?" by Walter White** (Viking. 244 pp. $3.50), is the final book of a great American Negro who died last March. Here it is reviewed by Samuel R. Spencer, Jr., the author of a recent biography of Booker T. Washington.*

By Samuel R. Spencer, Jr.

FOR most of his life Walter White was, of necessity, a critic of American democracy. As he admitted in his autobiography, the attention of one who is fighting against evil is inevitably concentrated on evidence that the evil is still rampant. For this reason his last book, completed shortly before his death in March, might well have been a final denunciation of America's failure to live up to her ideals, a rallying cry for those who now carry on the battle for Negro equality in which White fought so lustily for more than thirty-five years.

But Walter White believed in love rather than hate, despite his bellicose record and his exasperatingly stubborn refusal to make peace on any ground other than unconditional surrender. He also believed fervently in the American democracy which he so constantly criticized. To those who knew this it will come as no surprise that "How Far the Promised Land?" is neither bitter nor denunciatory, that it is optimistic rather than pessimistic, calm rather than impassioned, and that it was written not by Walter White the critic but by Walter White the defender of the faith.

Startled and somewhat shocked on a Town Meeting of the Air junket to find peoples in the Near East and Asia so bountifully informed on the Negro's ills and so ill-informed on his gains, White felt that the world needed an account which would summarize the specialized studies of Negro progress in various areas of American life. But, since he was also writing for home consumption, he first wanted Americans to know how effectively the Communists are using the race issue, which overshadows all others for the world's colored peoples, in the war for men's minds. Secondly, he wanted to encourage the faint-hearted at home who consider the Negro's problems so complex and so difficult as to be insoluble.

His balance sheet is more than enough to cheer the faint-hearted. While much had been accomplished during the long years between emancipation and World War II, even in

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the Thirties the jungle of restriction and discrimination still seemed impenetrable. By contrast, the acceleration of progress since 1940 has amounted to the "basic, bloodless revolution" which is the subject of "How Far the Promised Land?"

A basic change in strategy was partly responsible for this revolution. From emphasis on the short-range goal of holding Southern states to literal application of the separate-but-equal principle Negro leaders moved about 1940 to a frontal assault on segregation itself. Aided by the idealism of World War II and by the prosperity which enabled many Negroes literally to "buy their way out of the ghetto" (a partial vindication of Booker T. Washington's earlier faith in the "little green ballot") the NAACP sharpened its old weapons and brought into the lines a new and very effective one: the testimony of social scientists that segregation *per se* constitutes discrimination.

IN CASES involving higher education, travel, public accommodation, housing, the franchise, and, finally, the public schools the courts downed long-standing obstacles to the Negro's advance. Though the interrelation of many of these gains at times gives the book a repetitious quality, this very repetition helps to emphasize the extent of the revolution. With only slight variance White's conclusion in every area is the same: there is still a long way to go, but "we are on our way."

His readable account of the continuing battle will sober Southerners who still cherish the conviction that "outside interference" is not only unnecessary but harmful to the Negro's cause; for according to the record in the book, almost without exception the important steps which have made it possible for the Negro in the South to breathe more freely have come as a direct result of legal action by the NAACP. On his part, White seems to ignore his own evidence in scorning the contention of Southern writers like Hodding Carter that a moral and social maturation is taking place in the South along with the reversion in some quarters to the racism and brutality of the Twenties. The approval of the public-school decision by the governing body of every major Southern Protestant denomination stemmed from indigenous forces—forces which are at least partly responsible for the fact, which White emphasizes, that few of the dire predictions of Southern extremists have yet materialized.

Oddly enough, one stops to ask if White is perhaps too optimistic. Despite such sickening tragedies as the Till murder his contention that "the old patterns of violence have been shattered" is probably accurate; but the mushrooming Citizens Councils represent a new, more respectable, and more formidable opposition. Southerners know, too, how little the resolutions of church bodies sometimes reflect the view of the rank and file. While it is also true that students in the South are less hostile than is the older generation to the breakdown of traditional patterns, it is very doubtful that Negro students would yet be accepted as wholeheartedly in most Southern colleges and universities as White's account of a few favorable instances would indicate.

Nevertheless, it is clear that after years of wandering in the wilderness of an imperfect freedom the Negro can almost see the other side of Jordan. That he can is a vindication of his faith in American democracy, the kind of faith which kept all but three of seven hundred Negro prisoners of war from succumbing to the blandishments of the Chinese Communists. It is the kind of faith which belonged to Walter White.

Finder, Please Return to Henry Thoreau

By Elizabeth Coatsworth Beston

WHERE is the hound
and the red bay horse
and the dove whose doorway is a cloud?

The lost hound ranges,
the bay horse grazes,
and the dove flies up from the staring crowd.

Lost in the wilderness,
in the mind's forests,
glimpsed by few and caught by none,

The turtle-dove nests
and, unchained, untethered,
the horse and the hound forever run.

Liberals in Trouble

"The Decline of American Liberalism," by Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr. *(Longmans, Green. 401 pp. $7.50), is an American historian's analysis of what has been happening to the tradition of the freedom of the individual in this country. Professor Eric F. Goldman of Princeton, author of "Rendezvous with Destiny: A History of Modern American Reform," reviews it below.*

By Eric F. Goldman

THE 1950s are turning into years of reevaluation for American historians, a troubled, somewhat self-conscious, often mordant reassessment. For a half century, at least since the early 1900s, most American intellectuals had moved along on the ebullience of the progressive-liberal tradition, with its faith in ordinary people, its confidence in social legislation, its crimson-shot assumption that all the world was moving toward more rational and more humane ways. Now the faith, the confidence, and the assumption are all badly shaken.

Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr.'s "The Decline of American Liberalism" is part of this reevaluation, a thoughtful, vigorously argued, unabashedly pessimistic contribution. Mr. Ekirch, professor of history at American University, has read widely and deeply in the history of the United States.

America, in Mr. Ekirch's view, began in the "liberal" tradition of Western civilization. This liberalism was in part a doctrine—the freedom of the individual. But in addition to being a doctrine it was a habit of mind, a tendency toward the reasonable, the tolerant, and the moderate. Since the American Revolution the story of the United States has been one of the steady decline of this liberalism. The pressures of a mounting nationalism and democracy have squeezed it. Crude materialists of the right and impatient reformers of the left have distorted it. In recent times the welfare state and the military state have pushed political, economic, and ideological centralization to a point where "all the major values of the American liberal tradition" are gravely menaced.

As for the future Mr. Ekirch sees only a darkening horizon. Whatever the shape of things to come he believes it unlikely that illiberal pressures in the United States will weaken. "Perhaps America and the Western

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world of which it was a part were facing the end of an era. . . . Or, again, modern civilization might already be in the midst of the decline that had overtaken all previous civilizations and cultures. . . . Oswald Spengler may have been correct in his assertions that 'only dreamers believe there is a way out. Optimism is *cowardice*. . . . Our eye for history, our faculty of writing history, is a revealing sign that our path lies downward'."

Mr. Ekirch systematically applies his thesis to each period in American history. The volume moves like a Greek tragedy, introducing one after another the forces which lead ineluctably to the destruction of his ideal. His approach gives a sharply focused and often original emphasis to the American story—most notably in his treatment of the Jacksonian era, the progressive years of the early 1900s, and the New Deal.

Yet rich and arresting as this book is it never loses a peculiar air of unreality, of argument in the abstract, of history which moves too far above or too much apart from the helter-skelter and the compromises which are the eternal stuff of progress. Mr. Ekirch hammers away on his ideal—the free individual operating in a moderate climate of opinion—and he sees any departure from this ideal as evil. But can a historian be quite so rigid and get to the heart of things? Did lower-income Americans of the pre-welfare state era—a slum-dweller or a farmer overwhelmed by debts—have a freedom which fits a serious definition of the word? Would any kind of liberty have continued to exist in the United States if when the great problems of industrialism arose the nation had not decided to limit freedom somewhat in order to increase equality of opportunity? Would any moderation have prevailed if the country had not occasionally taken drastic action?

"The Decline of American Liberalism" raises a still broader and more disturbing question. Are a considerable number of able American intellectuals becoming so disillusioned that they are skeptical of the special genius of American development—the way that we have increasingly recognized the demands of equalitarianism while preserving wide areas of liberty? I am sure Mr. Ekirch is as much a friend of man, is as democratic and as humane as any of the rest of us. But somehow his book manages to ignore totally where so heavy an emphasis on a narrowly defined liberty can lead. John Randolph, whom Mr. Ekirch quotes, knew. "I am an aristocrat," Randolph said. "I love liberty, I hate equality."

Six Men of the World

MUCH of the time Americans once devoted to reading fiction is now spent on the more-or-less true stories about real people, with the result that biography is now one of the liveliest staples in the booksellers' stock. To appeal especially to the masculine trade there have been this season many slight but entertaining books about men who have made something of a mark in the contemporary world. Here Allen Churchill essays six of the most interesting.

—Wide World.

GROVER WHALEN was for many years the most envied man in New York. Top-hatted, frock-coated, open face beaming, he was the official greeter to the multitudinous celebrities who were welcomed by the city over the years. No welcome was complete without Grover. Queen Marie of Rumania, Lindbergh, Gertrude Ederle, up to the recent General MacArthur, he met 'em all, until an unfeeling new administration bounced him out. However, this hurt nothing but Mr. Whalen's pride, for he has always been a man abundantly able to make a living. First with Wanamaker's, then with Schenley and Coty, he has ever been a top-bracket salary man. Sadly, though, he is not a top autobiographer, or even a middle-bracket one. In **"Mr. New York"** (Putnam, $5) he tells the story of his life and achievements so cautiously that its title might better have been "Hail Shallow, Well Met." Unexpectedly, the better parts of Mr. Whalen's book are not those about the uninhibited era of ticker-tape welcomes. Instead they are those about his childhood and youth on the Lower East Side, and his rise to success as Rodman Wanamaker's right-hand man. Of his life as Mayor Hylan's secretary, Jimmy Walker's police commissioner, and finally of his tenure as the fashion-plate greeter, Grover says nothing new or illuminating. Unruffled urbanity is the keynote to it all, even when he writes of the climax of his career, New York's ill-fated, $70,000,000 World's Fair.

JOE E. LEWIS is a comedian who has never been discovered by the intelligentsia. No egghead publication has ever carried an appreciation of his art, though the funny fellow gets as much as $10,000 a week for practising it at such cultural spas as the Copacabana in New York and El Rancho Vegas, in Nevada, in which state he compulsively loses the ten grand at the dice tables. One reason for the lack of cultural appreciation of Joe E. probably is that the literati hasn't been able to get near him, for he seems to live surrounded by the high-echelon gangsters whose names studded the roster of the first Kefauver Committee. (It is because he attracts such free-spending types that he gets the weekly $10,000.) Joe E. Lewis became a comedian because he likes to sleep until afternoon, but despite this pragmatic approach he seems to have a gift for one-man humor which has caused him to coin such gems as, "Happiness doesn't bring money."

In Chicago during Prohibition days, Joe E. was given a merciless going-over because he left one mobster-operated saloon for another. It left him nine-tenths dead, and in **"The Joker Is Wild"** (Random House, $3.95) biographer Art Cohn begins with this

chilling episode. But, in his way, Mr. Cohn has done as much mayhem to his subject as the killers did. His cliché-ridden biography is an amoral and obnoxious book, with Mr. Cohn recounting heart-throb anecdotes of

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Joe E.'s tribulations, while taking swipes at Scott Fitzgerald and praising Frank Costello and Al Capone as rough fellows with hearts of molten gold.

Some of the classic Joe E. Lewis routines are here, including "Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long." But they don't read very well without the master's touch. For two chapters Martha Stewart, the show girl to whom Joe E. was fleetingly wed, takes over to tell her side of their sorry marriage. Lardner or Runyon never did better than her contribution, but for the rest Joe E., who has dropped a million dollars at the gambling tables, has made another bum roll here.

—*Wide World.*

WALTER WINCHELL has been called practically every name in practically everybody's book. He started the trend to keyhole journalism which today has become an institution. In politics he has swung frantically from deep affection for FDR to support of Senator McCarthy. Few men have remained friendly with Winchell over the years, for the columnist actually keeps a Drop Dead list, and the slightest infringement of his sensitive code lands a man on it. One fellow who seems to have stayed off by continued admiration for the Winchell activities is Ed Weiner who, in **"Let's Go to Press"** (Putnam, $3.75), presents an uncritical "Profile" of his hero. Perhaps because the master wished it, Mr. Weiner stresses Mr. Winchell's political battles rather than his keyhole-peeping. The other way around would have made a livelier book, for Winchell's political coloration is so purely a matter of personal feelings ("He's never done anything to harm me," he said when asked why he supported McCarthy) that they carry small conviction. One feature of the Winchell character is that he must always be right. Consequently any friendly biographer engages in a Big Brother-type rewriting of past events. Today Mr. Winchell is explaining that he did not lose a lawsuit to a New York newspaper, though practically everyone else thinks he did and Mr. Weiner supports Mr. Winchell in this contention. Which gives you an idea what to expect in Mr. Weiner's book.

FRANK SCULLY is a man no one wants to knock. He's now sixty, and as the result of a schoolboy injury a good part of his life has been spent in hospitals or in an invalid's chair. For nearly thirty years he has had one leg and one lung, but has managed to make his living (and seemingly a good one) as a writer. Moreover, he spent most of his adult years until 1933 in the sunny clime of the French Riviera, where among other things he attempted to collaborate with such wildly assorted characters as Frank Harris and ex-Mayor James J. Walker. In **"Cross My Heart"** (Greenberg, $5) Mr. Scully emerges as a man of intestinal fortitude who can even capitalize on misfortune, and it is good to read that his "Fun in Bed" books enabled him, when smog drove him from Los Angeles, to build a ranch home in Desert Springs with a private chapel attached. "Sick or well I seem to make friends easily," he writes, and he proves it with anecdotes of nearly every prominent person of the last forty years. But with all this in its favor, "Cross My Heart" is a disappointing book. Mr. Scully seems unable to translate his rich and much-enjoyed life into grown-up reading. His prose is shallow and trivial, slipping along the surface in the manner of a daily newspaper column.

MEREDITH WILLSON is a man who has conducted innumerable radio studio orchestras and who has traded endearments with none other than the redoubtable Tallulah on "The Big Show," a lamented airwave extravaganza. Now he writes of this and other peak moments of his career in **"Eggs I Have Laid"** (Holt, $3). It's a misleading title, for, though Meredith has had his bad moments, his chief faculty seems to be an ability to remain calm while all hell breaks loose around him. When, for instance, Frank Sinatra canceled out of "The Big Show" at the last moment he was fairly sure all would turn out okay. It did, with Frankie Laine providentially found nearby, and the "Frank" dialogue applying equally well to him. Mr. Willson has a lovely wife named Rini and enough talent to make a very good living. He seems to want other people to appreciate and enjoy this as much as he does, which is the only excuse we can figure out for him writing this book. It's a puff book, but it doesn't puff Meredith. Just a puff in weight, we mean.

FIORELLO LA GUARDIA remains the most colorful mayor New York City has ever had, despite considerable competition from James J. Walker (and none whatsoever from the current incumbent). Most of us remember the Little Flower as a dynamic, charged-up mayor, but it was the good fortune of Ernest Cuneo to get to know him as an employe when a younger La Guardia was serving in the House of Representatives. It is chiefly of these years he tells in **"Life with Fiorello"** (Macmillan, $4). La Guardia put on no extra steam when elected mayor; he was just himself, and one of the surprising nuggets in Mr. Cuneo's book is that his personality was much influenced by Teddy Roosevelt, whom La Guardia vastly admired as a boy. As Mr. Cuneo pictures him, Fiorello's mercurial energy was unstoppable, but "he always knew where he was going and he always knew where it would end. He was never more sure of a result than when he was acting in an apparently reckless, even irresponsible, manner."

Mr. Cuneo is no mean phrase-maker himself, and he does ample justice to the Little Flower's zestful life. La Guardia is missed in New York (and presumably in the rest of the country) and Mr. Cuneo's memoir does a good bit toward bringing him back.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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The Cosmos and the Brain

"What Is Science?" edited by James R. Newman *(Simon & Schuster. 493 pp. $4.95), offers an impressive collection of important essays which encompass the major facts and ideas of modern science. Our reviewer, Edmund W. Sinnott, is professor of botany and dean at Yale Graduate School.*

By Edmund W. Sinnott

HE WHO digests the twelve essays which are to be found in the newly published volume "What Is Science?" will have had a thorough course not only in the major facts and ideas of modern science but in the nature of the scientific method itself and its promise for society. The essays are by no means easy reading. Yet, though in several of the chapters at least an elementary knowledge of the science discussed will be almost indispensable, most of the material can be understood by the layman.

The authors of the essays are all competent ones and they cover the main areas of scientific work: Bertrand Russell writes on "Science and Human Life," Sir Edmund Taylor Whittaker writes on "Mathematics and Logic,"and Hermann Bondi on "Astronomy and Cosmology"; Edward U. Condon writes on "Physics," John Read on "Chemistry," Ernest Baldwin on "Biochemistry," Warder Clyde Allee on "Biology," and Julian Huxley on "Evolution and Genetics"; Edwin G. Boring discusses "Psychology," Clyde Kluckhohn discusses "Anthropology," Erich Fromm "Psychoanalysis."

Mr. Russell sets the volume's tone when he concludes that we must look to man and to science itself for a happy issue from the momentous problems which its progress has posed for mankind. Then, from one essay to another follows a challenging assortment of facts and ideas, for example:

Axioms, which troubled men so long because they were thought to be self-evident truths, are now recognized as nothing but assumptions.

To be good a theory must be capable of disproof. It leads to new experiments and these, in turn, test the merit of the theory.

The scientist works in two entirely distinct worlds—that of facts and that of interpretation and creative imagination.

There is no indication that we are approaching the limit of possible knowledge, for new discoveries open up new and often more complex problems.

Though there is a vast deal of competition and struggle among organisms, this has been balanced in evolution by a growing tendency toward cooperation and mutual support.

Behavior is the key to psychology and, since science deals only with public information, private consciousness gets into science only through behavior.

The major innovations in man's history occurred only once, or a very few times, but these have become widespread through cultural interchange.

One widely-supported theory of cosmogony assumes that matter is continually being created at the rate of one hydrogen atom per cubic foot of the universe every few billion years.

"Deductive" machines can calculate, "adaptive" ones can learn by experience, but no machine yet can use creative imagination.

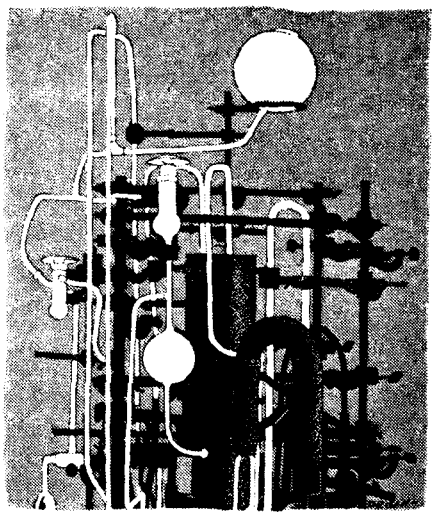
Man must learn to control himself as he has learned to control nature.

Though man's physiological needs become imperative motivations if not satisfied, they are not the basic inner forces which determine his actions, feeling, and thoughts.

Scientists can profit by being more humble in the face of their immense ignorance, and by a frank admission of awe and admiration for the great beauty of the things they study.

"God" is a name for the personification, or the abstraction, of all the best that mankind has been able to think and feel and do.

A book which boasts such an extensive treatment is bound to have imperfections. We miss any discussion of geology or of biophysics and microbiology; and the most distinctive feature of living things—their self-regulative organization—is nowhere mentioned. Yet these are minor failings, and the book deserves a wide reading not only for its value in education, but, as Dr. Newman says, because it "helps counteract the malicious doctrines, flourishing again in this age of insecurity, which belittle science and reason."



Progress Day-to-Day

"The Time Book of Science," by Jonathan Norton Leonard *(Random House. 356 pp. $3.95), is a collection of reports on scientific research published in the news magazine during the past several years. Here it is reviewed by John Pfeiffer, author of "The Human Brain" and other books.*

By John Pfeiffer

MORE than fifty years ago science reporting was not a recognized branch of American journalism, and coverage of research was haphazard and spotty. Some of the most significant advances in the history of science and technology took place without the benefit of nationwide publicity. Such events would never be overlooked today. Dozens of journalists keep up with new work by following scientific journals, attending meetings, and visiting laboratories. The danger is no longer that big news will be missed, but that technical trivia are often inflated far beyond their true importance.

The writings of one of the most experienced of these journalists are presented in "The *Time* Book of Science." Jonathan Norton Leonard, science editor of *Time*, has collected about 150 of his stories which appeared during the past few years in the columns of the news magazine. The stories are grouped somewhat loosely in five general sections dealing with matter, stars, and the earth, new machines, natural history and biology, and man. Leonard wisely makes no claim to absolute truth: "Scientists are explorers who push with painful difficulty past the frontier of established knowledge into the unknown. Some of the best of

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them have reached wrong conclusions, and *Time* has gone wrong along with them, although not often."

The collection includes something about practically everything scientific. Readers will perhaps learn most from the longer and more thorough stories which report major developments in a clear, effective style. One of the best stories summarizes the new theory about the nature of the universe as conceived by Fred Hoyle and his colleagues at Cambridge University in England. A central point of the theory is the notion that matter is being created at a rate of one hydrogen atom per quart of space every billion years, and Leonard does more than simply describe this controversial idea. He shows how it arose logically from other ideas and why it implies an observable universe without beginning or end which continually replenishes and refuels itself.

Other discussions concern a number of fields that represent highlights of present-day research—guided missiles, a skeptical report on flying saucers, the latest material available on atomic weapons, advances in aviation, and machines designed to do some of the work of the human brain. The great majority of the stories are equally intriguing although less comprehensive. The pace of writing weekly science columns severely limits the time available for gathering information from articles and interviews. Shorter reports go into a variety of subjects from interplanetary communications and the origin of life to the discovery of mummies and the excavation of prehistoric villages. A section devoted chiefly to the ways of animals tells of hens that play baseball, the mating signals of moths and mosquitoes, rattlesnake vision, a fossil creature which resembled a rhinoceros and had a pouch like a kangaroo, molds and musk deer and manx-cats.

"The *Time* Book of Science" does not have a single dull or obscure page. But the result is still confusing. The stories keep coming one after the other, without transitions or introductions. It is impossible within a few pages to jump from underwater mountains to a remote galaxy to an ancient Connecticut waterfall and back to space again—and at the same time retain anything worth retaining. The net effect is something like wading through a pile of newspaper clippings covering national affairs since 1950. Careful editing, such as rewriting to eliminate repetitions, might have helped make this diverse collection of individually interesting stories into a coherent book.

Where Are We?

"Frontiers of Astronomy," by Fred Hoyle *(Harper. 360 pp. $5), is a distinguished British scientist's attempt to undertake to explain to the general reader some of the latest theories about the nature of the physical universe. Robert H. Baker, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Universe Unfolding" and other books.*

By Robert H. Baker

IN ITS style and purpose Fred Hoyle's new book "Frontiers of Astronomy" is remindful of J. H. Jeans's widely read book "The Universe Around Us." It undertakes to acquaint the general reader with current knowledge of the physical universe and with prominent theories concerning its problems as yet incompletely solved. Jeans's book was published in 1929, when the universe seemed already to have revealed a complexity far beyond human ability to fully comprehend it. Yet in that year Edwin Hubble reported the red shifts in the spectra of galaxies, which led to the spectacular idea of the expanding universe, and it was only five years after he had demonstrated the existence of the galaxies themselves. The later author's task, which he ably accomplishes, is greater than that of his predecessor.

Mr. Hoyle is Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, England, and lecturer in mathematics. He has been a welcome visitor to the United States, where he has frequently conferred with our astronomers; and he will return soon under his appointment as senior research fellow in astronomy for the coming spring quarter at California Institute of Technology.

His book begins with the earth, which in the current thinking is 4,000 million years old. The theory of its liquid core is favored, and also the idea that our mineral wealth is squeezed up from the deep interior; if this wealth is squandered there will be plenty more coming up in several million years. Then come the planets and the sun, where the material of its atmosphere and corona are considered to be streaming in from outside. The stars are next, and finally our galaxy and the exterior galaxies, including the latest evidence from their radio emissions.

The emphasis on problems of cosmic evolution reflects the present interest in these matters. Concerning the histories of the stars, Hoyle is inclined to go along with the ideas of others, particularly of American astronomers; but he adds the thought that the puzzling magnetism of the sun and stars may be concentrated from the original magnetism of the cosmic dust out of which they were formed. For the evolution of the planets he offers his own new theory. The material of the solar system, he thinks, was first assembled as a single mass of gas in the sun's position. Increasing speed of rotation of the contracting mass resulted in the spreading of a gaseous disk around it to provide material for the planets and at the same time slowed the sun's rotation to its present low speed, generally a difficult feature to explain. For the reader (and perhaps the present reviewer as well, who wonders whether some steps of the process could have occurred), Hoyle remarks helpfully that "both the Matterhorn and Everest were climbed by routes that were at first thought to be impossible."

The concluding chapters on the galaxies are up to the times and make particularly interesting reading. Indeed, some readers may decide that they are in advance of the times. The idea of continuous creation, which has intrigued some scientists in other fields, is applied to the problem of the expanding universe. Instead of an initial blob of matter of incredible density and temperature and of dubious origin unless by fiat, Hoyle keeps the universe in running order by the continuous appearance of new material. Nature's laws are statements of how nature behaves; perhaps the continuous origin of matter is a physical law. This is an excellent book for anyone of moderate preparation; useful to the scientist too for its clear and accurate descriptions of the present state of astronomy.

—*Ramsey & Muspratt.*

Fred Hoyle—"clear and accurate."

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"Main Street" Comes Into the Home

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S "Main Street" is thirty-five years old. When it first appeared the nation was startled by its crackling frankness and bony realism. Never before had American Midwestern life been recorded in such pitiless detail. Gopher Prairie became the symbol of icy virtue and sealed-in bleakness.

The shock-waves of the book were spaced out over a decade or more. But after a generation of depression, war, and the fear of war—a generation fed on hard words and harder facts—"Main Street" seems like a different work. It no longer stuns. Reread today, it seems like a sentimental journey into an age of high-button shoes and high surface morality. Even Gopher Prairie in retrospect has a mellow, antique quality. The people do not seem refrigerated by their virtue, as they did in the early 1920s. They have warmed up at least to the extent that we accept them as people rather than as stern subjects for satire.

In terms of style and form "Main Street" today almost seems like a corrective for the abuses of the modern novel. Words are used for narrative power and not as barker's devices to hold the attention of the reader; there is not a single outhouse phrase in the book. Moreover, Mr. Lewis apparently realized that he could make an impact on his readers without demonstrating an adolescent's familiarity with the obscene. Nor did he feel that he could give a reader his money's worth only by making a stage set out of the conjugal bed and by offering literary aphrodisiacs for encores. His purpose was not to cheapen or brutalize life but to scrutinize it.

"Main Street" deserves to be reissued. Our suggestion, however, does not rest on the changed contours of the book today but on the timeliness of what then seemed a subordinate theme. For it is not so much the story of Gopher Prairie in general but of Carol Kennicott in particular that makes the novel modern and important. Carol Kennicott is well educated, creative, full of ideas for bringing color into her life and the lives of those about her. But Main Street offers little outlet for her interests and abilities. Her doctor husband has all the manly virtues but he has little time or taste for the life of the mind. Thus, boredom becomes the enemy.

IN THE early 1920s the story of Carol Kennicott had no general relevancy. She was noteworthy only because she was exceptional. Today she is noteworthy because she is unexceptional, symbolizing the predicament of the new American woman. For the Carol Kennicotts in our time are legion. They are the college-trained young married women, full of life, bounce, and energy, but their Main Street is in the home. It is not that they object to being the family cook, housecleaner, nursemaid, handyman, and chauffeur. It is just that they believe their duties do not exhaust the meaning of life. They respect the requirements of growth—not only in their children but themselves. They would like to be able to do creative things. But the housework tends to become an end in itself; indeed, a dead end.

They look to their husbands for some sense of sharing in the intellectual adventures of life, but in all too many cases they find their mates are consumed by their businesses, precious little news of which they seem willing to share, or are content to settle down in front of the television set for an evening of Westerns and crime shows.

Added to this is the bewilderment and antagonism of the male when confronted by his wife with a plea for some creative sparkle in the weekly routine. There is also some male condescension in discussions concerning national or world affairs. Ironically, not infrequently the woman will have taken the trouble to read and inquire about a situation in the news while the male may scorn authoritative information because he knows too much to bother to read. Much has been made of the fact that women possess most of the nation's material wealth. It is possible they also are better informed about what is happening in the world. But neither superior holdings nor superior knowledge is enough, apparently, to win them the respect they crave and deserve as individuals.

There is enough material here for a substantial number of important novels. Meanwhile Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" will do until a better one comes along. —N. C.

Angle

By Julia McGrane

NOW time runs all one way. No circle
Can turn upon the axle of this hour.
In imperceptible angle from its point
Two lines, lone to infinity, are our
Directions. Across the slight divergence
Hands still meet, eyes question and reply.
This is as like the past as anything
Can be that is not. Hearts still deny
Deflection. Yet no hour of summer sun
No winter night will ever wear away
The calendar of this encounter. Here
Begins eternity of separate day.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PLANETS ARE NOT ENOUGH

MAY A READER of *The Saturday Review* applaud your publication of Arthur Clarke's "The Planets Are Not Enough"? [*SR* Nov. 26]. In this day and age the human mind must be tremendously widened, for otherwise *homo sapiens* must soon vanish. Certainly Venus, Mars, the moons of Jupiter, and Saturn are "not enough," but speculations on millennia being consumed on interstellar journeys are ignoring the possible results of recent research on the nature of gravitation. Even Einstein could have been very wrong in concluding that 300,000 kilometers a second is the ultimate cosmic speed.

Are not Fred Hoyle and other astronomers now debunking that exploding giant-atom nonsense with the inference that Aristotle was right about our universe being eternal, without beginning and without end? It's the present writer's guess that Fournier d'Albe's theory, expounded in 1907, a hypothesis of an infinite series of infra and supra universes, may eventually be justified.

HERBERT M. MERRILL.

Schenectady, N.Y.

ADOPTION AND SCIENCE

THROUGHOUT Clarke's discussion of the human factor in explorations which must consume more time than one life-span —if they are to succeed—is an element of anticipation. He anticipates that science may be able to provide man with two inventions he needs before he can reach the outermost spaces: suspended animation and independence of close biological parentage.

I should like to suggest to *SR*'s editor, and perhaps to its readers, that answers to these "fantastic" problems are already being shaped. The basic concepts of suspended animation and maturation without the presence of biological parents are modeled by certain sectors of the present adopted population. Certainly we can study what happens to human beings when they are reared apart from biological parents. It is impossible not to notice the correlation between the increase in the practice of adoption and the increasing attention to scientific developments which will require similar social practices in the distant future.

JEAN M. PATON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHEAPEST STAR

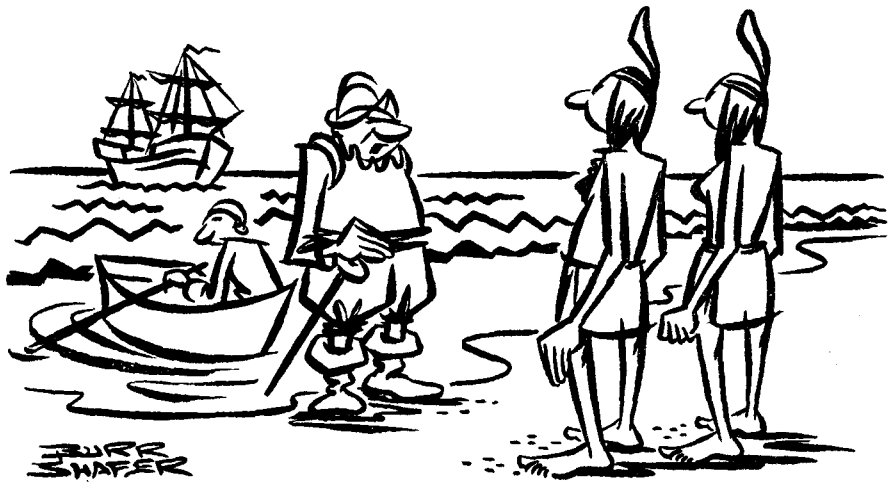
I DISLIKE Clarke's lack of imagination, particularly at the end of "The Planets Are Not Enough." Why pick out the cheapest star in the catalogue, when you can visit a brilliant one for only a bit more? Sirius, the most entrancing, glamorous, and brilliant star in the sky, is relatively only a little further away than Alpha or Proxima Centauri. Moreover, most of us up north know Sirius; we don't even need the star catalogue. Why waste our time with Proxima Centauri? Distance is no problem.

A millennium from now, when we get to Sirius, or Proxima Centauri as Clarke prefers, we shall have perspective. Then we shall see more than just the "horse's head" near the Orion nebula. At least we shall have a different angle from which to view the Milky Way. And we shall also have a colony planted from which we can proceed, maybe in 1,000,000 years or so, to the depths of Andromeda.

Ship ahoy, parsecs, micromegas, and other astro-naval greetings.

PAUL F. LANING.

Sandusky, Ohio.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"You heard me! Now take me to your maharajah!"

THE BALANCE OF INTERESTS

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "The Age of Consent" [*SR* Nov. 19] is of great interest. Up to about the turn of the century the individual was the main driving force in this country's development. Each individual worked for himself and in that manner progress of the whole was built. Gradually there was a disposition on the part of individuals for joint action. Groups banded together for their common good. The individual increasingly sought personal benefit by joining forces with those of similar interest. This co-action of individuals was injected into all fields and on all kinds of bases—religious, racial, professional, and economic—and by now few individuals are on their own.

The question arises whether this is good or bad. It can be good if the process is understood and controlled. However, strong minority groups can get too much for themselves at the expense of the economic whole and imbalances can be created. The milking of one group for the benefit of another can go too far. We cannot continue to operate fragmented into individuals but we have to be careful not to permit the division of the country into tight groups with contradictory interests. An individual is not strong enough to create serious imbalances but a strong group can.

MILAN D. POPOVIC.

Califon, N.J.

JEFFERSON A REPUBLICAN?

BOTH Dean Acheson and Elmer Davis ["Adventures in Government," *SR* Nov. 19] seem to think that their party was "originally known as the Democratic-Republican Party." Actually, the party which gradually grew up under the leadership of the Virginia intellectual aristocracy, especially Jefferson and Madison, was a Republican Party. Their enemies hyphenated it by adding the opprobrious term "Democratic." The present Democratic Party had its origins in the 1820s.

LEO L. ROCKWELL.

Hamilton, N.Y.

THOMAS'S CHORDS

EDITH HAMILTON ["Words, Words, Words," *SR* Nov. 19] will miss a good deal of excitement if she prefers to think that Dylan Thomas didn't mean anything. It has often been noted that to name a thing or a feeling is to distort it. To call the sun "indifferent" is not to say much about it. But when Thomas calls it a "meat-eating sun" he says a great deal more. Meat-eaters are thought to be indifferent to the suffering they inflict on living things. Eating meat is supposed to increase the vitality. It prevents anemia. It implies destructiveness. By using this phrase Thomas says a great deal in a very few words. But no single meaning has to be "the" meaning, any more than a single note in a chord has to be "the" note.

SHIRLEY W. HENTZELL.

Menlo Park, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The House of Fauna

"Pipe Dream" is paved with good intentions, which is to say that John Steinbeck's novel "Sweet Thursday" has been paved with Rodgers and Hammerstein. From the moment that one of the characters breaks into an opening number in which he extends Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein's evangelical toleration of all mankind to the invertebrate kingdom we know that we're in for it. The soup may be well prepared but there's saltpeter in it.

This in itself need not ruin the evening. After all, "South Pacific" had its spoonful of homiletics and we all swallowed it gladly because the rest of the show was so good. And in fairness to the authors, Mr. Steinbeck's story can indeed be interpreted as a recognition of the miraculous interdependence that operates in even the most hardened human societies. But in addition to echoing this, Mr. Hammerstein has followed the *events* of the novel with relatively great fidelity, which is perhaps a second mistake, since the plotting of "Sweet Thursday" was its weakest point.

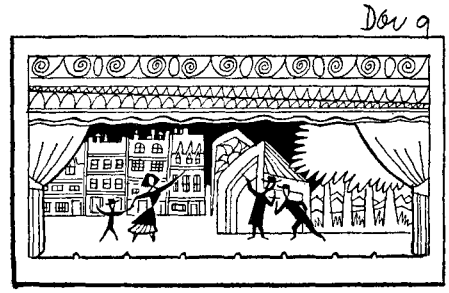
Technically Mr. Steinbeck's novel bequeathed us two plots. The first has to do with the efforts of a tough-willed but softhearted madam named Fauna to get one of her young employes named Suzy married to a tramp biologist named Doc. The other concerns the vagrant inhabitants of the Palace flophouse, who embark upon a scheme which will simultaneously make their rent-free home secure and raise enough dough to buy Doc the microscope he needs in order to write a paper on octopi.

In presenting these two plots "Pipe Dream" has taken on an episodic quality with no strong, steadily progressing chain of action and response. The love-affair is subdued because neither party wants to admit their love, even to themselves. This kind of thing may be true-to-life but it hardly gives them much excuse for ballads and love-duets. And two flophouse parties afford the only opportunity for dance numbers. (One gathers that the Coyote Club's annual outing at Fauna's establishment had to be rejected, though it would seem the best choreographic possibility of them all.)

The lack of oomph in the plot extends to the characters. Doc, played with deep-voiced sincerity by Bill Johnson, doesn't have much to do except to mope around with a vague sense of frustration. Suzy, played by agreeably unconventional ingenue Judy Tyler, is equally passive and lost. The one dynamic and dramatic role in "Pipe Dream" is Fauna, which is played with disappointing tameness by opera-singer Helen Traubel. One suspects that director Harold Clurman has in the interests of smoothness seen to it that none of his principal singers does anything which might tax their undeveloped acting talents. As a result, Miss Traubel often seems more like a sophisticated hostess at a beach-house than a hard-headed madam. One does not expect great acting from Miss Traubel, but one does hope that she will be allowed to express the stronger aspects of Fauna's character through her singing. Instead, her voice is seldom used above a crooner's volume.

This pattern of "smooth but unexciting" is also found in both the sets and the score. Jo Mielziner has made some pleasant designs using painted metal grillwork, and has constructed a cozy and attractive interior for the old locomotive boiler where Suzy goes to live. Yet they somehow do not keep us conscious of the vital fact that we are in Cannery Row. The one effort in this direction is a backdrop of the town, but for some reason it is dimly lit to the point of obscurity.

The songs are abundantly lovely. But such beautiful numbers as "Will You Marry Me?" "Sweet Thursday," and "All at Once You Love Her" catch the ear more than they engage the heart and mind. One song, "Everybody's Got a Home But Me," might be regarded as symptomatic of the present state of Rodgers and Hammerstein's fourteen-year-old collaboration. It starts out with a good idea, the admission by a rebellious outcast from society that she secretly envies that society some of its conventional virtues. But as the fervor in the music rises the lyric rides as dead weight with no surprise and only nominal development. And the terrible thing about it is that this is dulness at top level and peak skill. It stems not from ineptness or from trying to do something they were unable to achieve. Rather it seems to come from a too conscious and humorless effort to be selfless.



Mr. Steinbeck discusses this phenomenon in his book. He says that as we sense the end of life as no longer so terribly far away, we say to ourselves, "What have I contributed to the Great Ledger? . . . What am I worth?" and he adds, "That isn't vanity or ambition. Men seem to be born with a debt they can never pay no matter how hard they try. It piles up ahead of them. Man owes something to man. If he ignores the debt it poisons him, and if he tries to make payments the debt only increases. . . . Doc's greatest talent had been his sense of paying as he went."

There is one number in "Pipe Dream" which does give promise of maintaining a pay-as-you-go spontaneity. At the beginning of Act II Fauna and her girls are sending out Christmas cards to the customers, and they sing an amusing song about "The Happiest House on the Block" that caters to "the weary that don't want to rest." While this is a step in the right direction, it doesn't go as far as the whorehouse scene in "The Threepenny Opera," where "In That Little Two-By-Four Where We Kept House" challenges society with such joyous relish and vitality.

Possibly Rodgers and Hammerstein might snap out of their doldrums if they did shed some of their humanitarian and business responsibilities and became pure artists again. Failing that, they might be well-advised to separate and each wed his talent to an obstreperous and irresponsible newcomer. The result might not be as smooth or as pleasant-sounding as "Pipe Dream," but it wouldn't be as dull either.

CIRCLE-IN-THE-SQUARE is presenting another in its series of beautifully produced attractions. **"The Cradle Song,"** by Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra, is a rather dated comedy about life in a nunnery with not much appeal to the sophisticated mind. Yet for those unfamiliar with the remarkable work of Jose Quintero's remarkable group, which has become New York's only repertory company to have real distinction as an art theatre, the production is well worth seeing. For again Mr. Quintero has breathed sensitivity, responsiveness, and truth into his actors, and every moment in his theatre beats with the magic inevitability of the human heart.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

What Will They Laugh up Next?

WHEN not occupied with writing this column I have a sideline writing comedy for television. At present I am engaged in the rather nefarious business of sneaking jokes into an otherwise pleasant hour of beautiful music by the affable Perry Como.

This must have qualified me to receive a questionnaire from a news syndicate requesting that I describe and define the American sense of humor. And after some twenty-odd years of writing comedy for radio, and some odd five years for television, I feel quite qualified to answer with expert authority that I haven't the slightest notion what people will or will not laugh at in a studio or at home. And I doubt that any *bona fide* writer similarly engaged can truthfully claim any such prescience.

When a set of writers contrives a series of comedy routines for their star, and finally finish rewriting to accommodate last-minute whims, they hurry home to their sets and nervously eat their dinners as they learn for the first time which jokes "worked" and which did not "work." Unless the show is on film and the laughs are built into the soundtrack. When that show is on the air the writers are usually found eating heartily in expensive restaurants.

A sense of humor is a personal and a many-splintered thing. The sound of 500-600 people laughing in a studio does not necessarily reflect the opinions of several million at their sets at home. Often it doesn't even come close to the opinion of the critics at home. On a recent program in which I was involved the announcer in introducing the show said rather humorously, I thought, that the star of the show in keeping with the trend in television to give away huge sums of money would give $100,000 to someone writing the best letter each week telling "Why I Like the Perry Como Show."

And he went on to say: "Tonight's winning entry is 'If music be the food of love play on.' So a check for $100,000 goes tonight to William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon." During the week which followed over 500 entries were received from living viewers.

Often comedy writers will concentrate on carefully setting up a line to insure as much as possible its getting a laugh. To demonstrate another item comes to mind, if you don't mind another personal experience. Mr. Como, as is well known to his fans, was in his youth a barber. On one of his shows Mr. Como was asked by his script to give one of his guests a haircut on stage. A barbershop set was built and Mr. C. was to invite his guest in. He was to explain that if things went bad in the singing business he could always go back to barbering. But he was to explain it with some modicum of humor. After a long period of gestation the writers finally gave birth to this modicum:

"You see, if they ever want me to stop cutting records I can always go back to cutting hair."

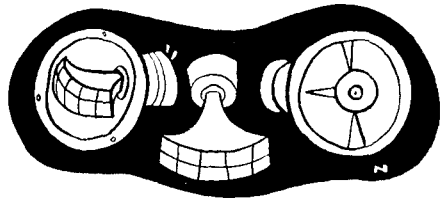
On the air Mr. Como quietly said: "When things get bad I can always go back to cutting hair." You never heard such a laugh!

YES, a sense of humor is a personal thing. Even in the theatre it is always being discovered that the things which were hugely enjoyed one night fail completely the next. Whole masses of audience are discovered to have completely different senses of humor from night to night. But since television is a one-night thing the blame can not be logically placed on the audience. Usually it is decided that the writers' sense of humor was at fault. However, any writer worth his exorbitant salary can, and often does, fault the star for bad delivery of the jokes.

It's a discouraging business trying to pin down a composite sense of humor. In a hotel the other day I found myself crowded into an elevator with four other men. A little old lady getting on at one of the floors looked us over and pleasantly said: "Can I squeeze in here?" Three floors later one of the men came up with this *ad lib*: "Yes, if you don't crush our hats."

What a scream! Biggest laugh any elevator ever got, live or on film.

—GOODMAN ACE.



WRIGHT BROTHERS MEN OF THE YEAR 1903

As soon as he was homo sapiens, man began wishing he could fly. The ancient Greeks dreamed of it—and so did the Chinese. Leonardo da Vinci sketched plans for a plane—but in a little egg crate on December 17, 1903, the Wright Brothers made the first flight . . . In 1959 we'll jet across country in 4½ hours. And by and by we'll be rocketing to Mars. Wings will be purely for the birds.

See the progress of flight on

MAN OF THE YEAR

The Documentary Program

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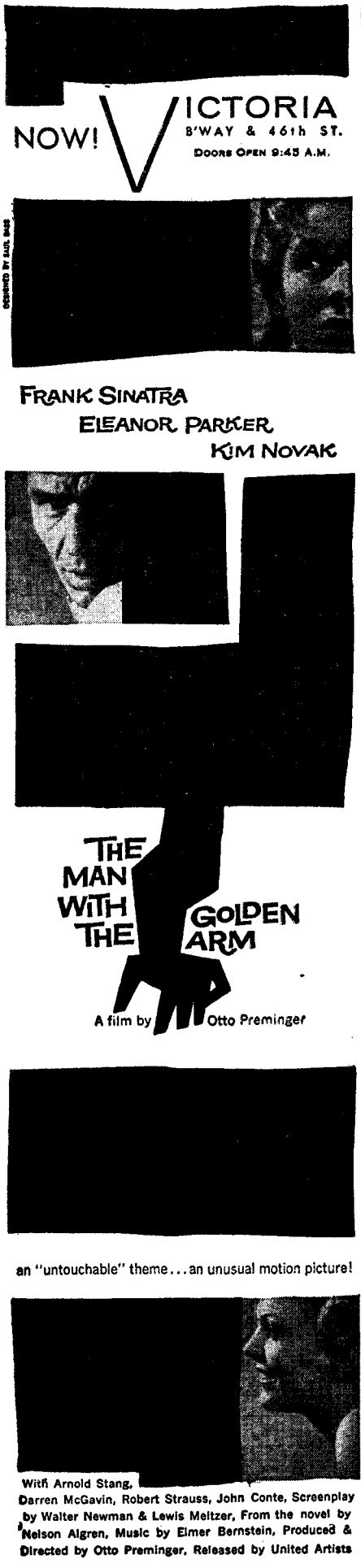
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ELEANOR PARKER
KIM NOVAK
THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM
A film by Otto Preminger
an "untouchable" theme... an unusual motion picture!
With Arnold Stang, Darren McGavin, Robert Strauss, John Conte, Screenplay by Walter Newman & Lewis Meltzer, From the novel by Nelson Algren, Music by Elmer Bernstein, Produced & Directed by Otto Preminger. Released by United Artists

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Quick, Frankie, the Needle

IT SEEMS odd in this day and age that any great controversy should center about the showing of a picture that tells us narcotics are bad. True, the shadow of Victorianism hung over the subject of venereal disease until comparatively recently—so much so that when "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" was released in 1940 it caused not only lifted eyebrows but voices lifted in angry protest as well. Still, Americans have always been rather adept at differentiating sexual vice from, say, boozing, which has often been depicted on the screen, and from drug addiction, which, for reasons detailed on the opposite page, has not. Whether this particular controversy will remain confined to official circles or spread to other areas of our population can not be foreseen at this point, for the cause of all the consternation, Otto Preminger's film version of the Nelson Algren best-seller **"The Man with the Golden Arm"** (United Artists), has yet to be nationally released. Whatever the outcome, however, the film is definitely worth talking about, even cheering about. It is a bold, forthright, harrowing study of an addict and how he got that way. And, just as excerpts from "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" are now used regularly in our schools as part of sex-education programs, it is not at all inconceivable that a future generation will learn something of the evils of narcotics through sequences from this extraordinary film.

Except for a revised ending the story unfolds pretty much as Algren wrote it. Frankie Machine, a young tough from Chicago's Clark Street, returns to his former haunts after six months in the Federal narcotics hospital at Lexington. Ostensibly he is cured or, as Frankie would put it, he "got a forty-pound monkey off his back." Not only that, he has learned to play the drums and has a chance of breaking away from his old life as poker dealer at Schwiefka's, a chance for a new start away from the temptations and pressures of the old neighborhood. But all the pressures are there waiting for him, trapping him within hours of his return—an ailing, self-centered wife, the pretty B-girl who loves him, Schwiefka who wants him back in the dealer's slot, and Louie the "pusher," who cynically welcomes Frankie home by offering him a free "fix." And, gradually, as disappointment, remorse, and the hopeless, joyless round of everyday living fray his nerves and break his spirit Frankie is hooked again. But good.

Frankie Machine is no admirable character, no titan laid low by tragedy. In fact, the traditional concepts of tragedy have no place in this story. As with so much of contemporary fiction, its central character is a hero in name only—a weak, insignificant little man with a shabby code of ethics and a golden arm at poker. But even without admiring him one can feel for him, recognizing the honest loyalty he has for the neurotic wife he crippled in an auto accident, his touching relationship with the B-girl, his small pride at dealing an honest game. And with that feeling one watches with horror as he follows the "pusher" to take his first fix "for the last time," and shares his degradation when his pitiful shred of honor is subordinated to his craving for drugs and he consents to deal a crooked hand. It is the tragedy of the small soul, but drawn with a terrifying intensity.

Certainly no classic figure of tragedy has ever known the extremes of physical agony of Frankie Machine in his final determination to throw the habit "cold turkey," without the use of drugs or sedatives. Nor is there much joy in his final triumph. The habit still hovers over him, to pluck him down again with greedy fingers in his moments of weakness. But there *is* hope, a hope born not only from the suggestion that he will leave his sordid environment, but in the discovery of a stronger fiber, a tougher will to live than he has ever been aware of.

NO small part of the complex emotional coloration that we feel toward Frankie Machine comes from a truly virtuoso performance by Frank Sinatra. The thin, unhandsome one-time crooner has an incredible instinct for the look, the gesture, the shading of the voice that suggest tenderness, uncertainty, weakness, fatigue, despair. Indeed he brings to the character much that has not been written into the script, a shade of sweetness, a sense of edgy indestructibility that actually creates the appeal and intrinsic interest of the role. But he is also an actor of rare ability. His scene in the jail with a junkie screaming for a fix in the same cell, the scene of his

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own first fix in Louie's room—both played in huge, searching close-ups—and the terrible, writhing agony of the "cold turkey" treatment are conveyed with clinical realism.

Only slightly less fortunate are the assignments of the two leading feminine roles. Kim Novak, who improves from picture to picture, is both decorative and appealing as Molly, the B-girl who stands by Frankie to the end. Eleanor Parker contributes a strongly dramatic performance as the strident, selfish wife, and even manages to generate a modicum of sympathy for her. It is no criticism of Miss Parker's talent as an actress to say that her beauty and her innate breeding seem constantly at odds with the shabby tenement flat in which she lives and the Polish inflections with which she speaks. Far more successful are the types who frequent Antek's Tug-and-Maul Tavern and Schwiefka's all-night poker sessions, and especially Arnold Stang, who plays his role of Frankie's loyal, half-witted admirer with beautiful restraint, resisting the obvious possibilities for easy but false laughs.

All of these have been set down in a series of cramped and ugly rooms that are a distillation of the barren poverty that corrodes their spirit and paralyzes their will. The reminders are everywhere—the cracked shades at the window, the greasy linoleum around the stove, the clean square of wallpaper behind a photograph ripped from the grimy walls. And Otto Preminger has directed his film with a technique that brings them constantly into the play of the action, a camera that is constantly on the move, swinging from face to face, tracking over the bare floor boards from an unmade bed to a scaly door, binding characters and backgrounds together in a tight, almost claustrophobic unity. This is something more than the peripatetic cameras of the television studios, moving solely for the sake of movement. In "Man with the Golden Arm" the camera is ever on the prowl for the verifying detail, the revealing glance, the unguarded gesture. It will rush across the room from an extreme long-shot to a close-up of a newspaper clipping, the twitch of an unsteady hand, or the distended pupil of an addict's eye at the moment the poison enters his system. As this realism of detail, built frame by frame, moment by moment, mounts steadily through two hours the cumulative effect is one of horrified fascination—the horror of human beings writhing in the grip of forces over which they have no control, the fascination of seeing them for all their agony, for all their desperation, turning instinctively toward the sun.

—Arthur Knight.

Hollywood Takes on Narcotics

THE past few years have witnessed some startling reversals for the censors of motion pictures. Ever since the late Joseph Burstyn carried his fight to show "The Miracle" all the way to the Supreme Court—and won—the seven state and the fifty or so municipal censor boards have flinched from the handwriting on the wall. It was Justice Clark's decision in "The Miracle" case that "expression by means of motion pictures is included within the free-speech and free-press guaranty of the First and Fourteenth Amendments." Since that time the official censors have been waging a losing battle, with reversals of their decisions all but assured to those producers with the courage and patience to press suit through the courts. Even Lloyd Binford, the Anthony Comstock of Memphis, has finally announced his retirement.

This outgoing tide of official censorship is uncovering a frightening number of hitherto at least partially concealed reefs—strong pressure groups, local police action (generally in the form of threats to withdraw a theatre's license to operate), and, perhaps most insidious of all, the industry's own antiquated and restrictive Production Code. Because the Code has, at least in theory, been accepted by the greater part of the industry, including all the major studios, the industry spokesmen tend to refer to it in terms of self-regulation or, at most, self-censorship, and congratulate themselves on their ability to keep their own house clean. They forget two things: the origins of their Code and its method of operation. Both spell censorship.

The Production Code can be traced back to the early Twenties, back to a time when newspapers, books, and magazines were writing of *nouveau riche* Hollywood as a spectacularly gaudy cesspool of all the more interesting vices. Their most purple

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prose seemed justified when, within a few months of each other, Fatty Arbuckle became involved in a particularly unsavory rape case (although he was later acquitted), director William Desmond Taylor was shot to death and several top stars implicated (the murder was never solved), and Wallace Reid was exposed as a drug addict (he died trying to fight its effects). Public indignation boiled over in the form of boycotts, the organization of local censor boards throughout the country, and an appeal for Federal censorship by numerous pressure groups. It was to offset these threats, and the latter threat especially, that the Motion Picture Association (then the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America—the "Hays Office") was formed.

As time went by the pressure abated. But the different censors remained; and one of the functions of the Hays Office was to codify their various rulings, quirks, and prejudices so that producers could get their pictures shown around the country with a minimum of cuts. Of course, the Hays Office could offer no guarantees. The censors, generally politically appointed, justified their jobs by censoring; and the cuts ordered from state to state, or even from city to city within a state, were often at incredible odds with each other, as Morris Ernst as far back as 1930 pointed out with witty indignation in his book "Censored."

Nineteen hundred and thirty was also the year in which the Association's Production Code put in its first formal appearance, at once a guide to producers to avoid censor pitfalls and a sort of intra-industry ground rules for the treatment of sex and sensation. Despite its stony "thou shalt nots" it reads as an elusive, even evasive document. Typical is the phrasing of the Code's stricture on vulgarity: "The treatment of low, disgusting, unpleasant, though not necessarily evil, subjects should be guided always by the dictates of good taste and a proper regard for the sensibilities of the audience." Which left the film-makers just about where they were until, in 1933, the Catholic Legion of Decency gave meaning to it. The Legion, formed to combat "immoral" films, pledged itself to condemn for its millions of followers those pictures that violated the tenets of the Code. This action gave the Code strong economic teeth—but, of course, the teeth were Catholic. And the interpretation of language like "low, disgusting, unpleasant, though not necessarily evil" acquired a special hue. Thus, the industry's Code for self-censorship is in reality a codification of previously existing censor regulations, given added force by a strong, well-organized minority group.

Substantially the Code has remained pretty much as written since 1930. A liberalizing influence introduced into it in 1954 permits an occasional "hell" and "damn," provided that their use be "governed by the discretion and the prudent advice of the Code Administration." Miscegenation was switched from a forbidden fruit to one that "must be treated within the careful limits of good taste." Even so, just a few weeks ago Martin Quigley, editor of the trade publication *Motion Picture Herald* and one of the original authors of the Code, stated that the Code is "based on moral principles and therefore is not now, or at any other time, subject to change, alteration, or honest evasion."

WITHOUT pretending to know how Quigley distinguishes between honest and dishonest evasion even the casual moviegoer must have encountered scores of productions that have broken the rules—suggestive dances and costumes, crimes carefully planned and executed, scenes involving "excessive brutality." Why, then, do the producers continue their lip service to the Code? The imminent release of "The Man with the Golden Arm" not only brings this question to the fore again, but supplies an illuminating insight into its *raison d'être*. As readers of the Nelson Algren novel will remember, the story deals with drugs, a subject forbidden on the screen by the Production Code in a section that Quigley describes as based on "policy and expediency" rather than "moral principles." This code-section has the firm support of the Commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, Harry Anslinger, who has long refused to sanction treatment of the drug traffic on the screen at all—"knowing what I have seen in Hollywood," he added in a recent trade-paper interview. Sight unseen, Anslinger refused to make an exception on "Golden Arm." And the Code Administration, which has always followed his lead in the past for reasons of "policy and expediency," continues to uphold this blind, blanket ban rather than take issue with him. It is a cowardly position. But at the present writing "The Man with the Golden Arm" has not received a Production Code Seal; nor is it likely to receive one unless the Code itself is soon revised.

What this means practically is that some 4,000-5,000 theatres, bound to the Motion Picture Association by a "gentlemen's agreement" not to show films without the Seal, may refuse

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to book it—roughly about 25 per cent of the nation's theatres. Whether it will also mean a substantial loss of film revenue remains to be seen. Morris Ernst, representing the distributors of "I Am a Camera," another recent picture that has been denied the Seal, maintains that the loss to his client can be considerable. On the other hand, Otto Preminger, the producer of both "Man with the Golden Arm" and "The Moon Is Blue," which also had a run-in with the Code Authority, tends to minimize the financial aspect. " 'The Moon Is Blue'," he said recently, "almost made up in extended runs and increased audience interest what it lost in play dates."

United Artists, the firm which financed and has agreed to distribute "Man with the Golden Arm," is one of the "big producers." As the rules stand it can choose between paying a fine of $25,000 for handling a picture without a Seal or withdraw from the Association altogether. But, as Mr. Preminger pointed out, "the rules were drawn up and agreed to by the companies, not by the people who make the pictures." When viewed in this light this concept of self-regulation would seem to violate a principle of our democratic society, government by consent of the governed.

WHAT makes the case of "The Man with the Golden Arm" of special interest is the fact that it is an extremely moral film—no sex, no suggestive costuming, no off-color innuendo. It treats of drugs without any suggestion of glamour or attractiveness. The drug traffic is shown as a sordid business where the "pusher" constantly drives his price higher once his victim has been hooked. It is shown as a degrading business as the addict becomes more and more desperate for a shot. And it is shown as a frightful business, not only in the shock of the act itself, but even more in the terrifying ordeal of throwing the habit "cold turkey"—if indeed the habit can be thrown. The ending is far from comforting in this respect. In short, it is almost inconceivable that anyone seeing this film could walk out of the theatre and want to try drugs "for kicks" (as he might, for example, after reading in a newspaper that Robert Mitchum had been locked up after a marijuana party). But the Code says specifically that "the drug traffic should not be presented in any form. The existence of the trade should not be brought to the attention of the audience"! And "The Man with the Golden Arm" has been denied a Seal accordingly.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Deller, Sibelius, di Stefano, Martinu

Deller—"rich sense of musical worth."

TO ENCOUNTER two unfamiliar and able artists in the course of two concerts on the same day at the same hour is more than par for the New York concert course: it is a hole in one made while lightning is striking twice in the same place. The fortunate reward was there at a recent Sunday tea-time, when the English Alfred Deller, who is well known to American record fanciers, made his debut here in Carl Fischer Hall under the auspices of the New York Concert Society (which is not venturing Town Hall for the while), as the observance of the Sibelius ninetieth-birthday festivities in Carnegie Hall across the street introduced us to soprano Sylvia Aarnio.

For those who are unacquainted with Deller, the mere designation of him as a countertenor, however masterful, will add little to their knowledge. For, unless one has heard him or his records the description will leave lacking any conception of what he does with a slim thread of a voice which has, nevertheless, the flexibility of tempered steel and the evanescence of a smoke ring. Generally speaking, his tones parallel the tenor register, though he ranges easily up to D, and does not move much below middle C.

In addition to a complete command of this register in a quantity of sound somewhat similar to falsetto but much more virile in quality, Deller has a rich sense of the musical worth of the works by Campion, Dowland, Purcell, Morley, Johnson, and Buxtehude which he offered on this program, plus a projection of texts rarely equaled since the great John McCormack himself. To be sure, Carl Fischer Hall's accommodatingly close walls (it was filled to its capacity of about 250) contributed to the superb results, but the surroundings merely enabled one to observe, at close range, what Deller was doing so well. Trills, appoggiaturas, roulades, and runs were all disciplined in a manner to remind us that where there is an artistic will there is a technical way. Desmond Dupre was his accomplished associate on the lute and viola da gamba—Robert Conant, harpsichord; Frances Magnes, violin; and Paul Doktor, viola, also contributing to the musical pleasures of the occasion.

For a grateful change, the Sibelius ceremonial honored its subject not merely with the expectable and appropriate "Finlandia" rousingly conducted by the composer's son-in-law, Jussi Jalas, but also with the impressive suite for strings and drums entitled "The Lover," the Fourth and Seventh Symphonies, and "Luonnotar" (opus 70), a tone poem for soprano and orchestra. Derived from the Finnish epic *Kalavala*, it depicts the creation of the world in truly Sibelian manner, with a full range of dramatic and orchestral effects.

Miss Aarnio, an attractive blonde miss, sang her portion with such authority and rightness of sound, likewise forthright command of the Finnish text, that one was fully prepared to accept her as a native artist imported for the occasion. Investigation disclosed, however, that she is Wisconsin-born and Juilliard-trained, though of Finnish descent. She has, also, had the opportunity to perform this work in Finland under the direction of Jalas, thus absorbing the authentic atmosphere. Considering her freshness of voice, sound technique, and dramatic flair, Miss Aarnio must be marked for future attention in some aspect of performance related to orchestra, stage, and voice—that is to say, opera. The Symphony of the Air collaborated in its usual able fashion, and there were spoken words to memorialize the work of the late Olin Downes on behalf of the Finnish master.

BOHUSLAV MARTINU is a man with so much music in him that he can hardly put pen to paper without some of it pouring out. In his latest work to be heard here, a concerto for violin and piano with orchestra, it is this abundance of thought which provides for the interest it contains for a movement and a half, since the performance by Benno and Sylvia Rabinof with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy in Carnegie Hall hardly convinced one that he had solved the problem to which he had addressed himself.

That problem is, in the first instance, one of sonority, of arriving at a level of orchestral sound which is not too strong for the violin or too weak for the piano. In his program note Edwin H. Schloss confides that the composer solved it "after several days of concentration." If so, the composer has a different concept of balance than I. For the most part, the orchestra is a background for the various pronouncements of the solo instruments,

Nostalgia

By John Farrar

IN THE scorched summer I delight to dream
Of you and me when it is spring once more,
When the perk robin chuckles at the door
And melted snow swells wantonly the stream.
Shall we go then to tramp the yellowed banks,
To find arbutus hidden in the moss?
Shall we chant out our newly unleashed thanks,
Released from summer's blazing albatross?
And shall we dance, no older than our heart
Toward the white dawn and down to starry night,
Seeking our loves, together and apart,
Caught by May's most immoderate delight?
Pledge me, my friend, to stamp out in good measure
The cool intoxication of spring's pleasure.

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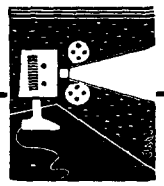
which is hardly the function of an orchestra in a contemporary concerto, least of all such an orchestra as the Philadelphia.

For that matter, the problem of a duet-concerto is akin to that of two lions at a party. If they are related—brothers, perhaps, as in Bach's D minor for two violins; or cousins, as in the case of Brahms's violin and cello work—they have enough family feeling to share the attention equally. But the solo violin and piano are rarely compatible, save as in the marriage of inconvenience suggested by this work. In the end, what Martinu seems to have created on commission from the Rabinofs is less a concerto for violin and piano than a concerto for husband and wife. It is hard to imagine otherwise uncoupled players finding enough in it to undertake a performance. This is regrettable, for there is a rather noble melody in the first movement, and some atmosphere in the second. By the middle of the third, however, one feels that Martinu had wearied of the whole idea and was concerned primarily with getting to the double bar.

The Rabinofs did their best by it—and where his command of the violin is concerned that is considerable, especially in the upper register of the fine Guarnerius he played—but it wasn't sufficient. Ormandy's strong direction of the preceding, masterful "Symphonic Metamorphosis," built by Hindemith on themes of Weber, only served to pinpoint the deficiencies of Martinu.

NO LONGER the "young colt unbroken to the musical saddle" that he had been at his debut here in the late Forties, Giuseppe di Stefano returned after a three seasons' absence from the Metropolitan to do some beautiful tenorizing as Don José in "Carmen." More mature in appearance, more serious in approach, and certainly more assured in the management of his fine-sounding voice, di Stefano delivered an "Air de Fleur" whose ring and purity, security, and good taste were much the best musical effort in this otherwise spotty affair. It is a compliment to di Stefano's good sense that he did not follow the wayward path of Rise Stevens, whose Carmen grows more distorted, dramatically, with each new season, and which ranges from fair to ineffective, vocally. Neither Frank Guarrera's Escamillo nor Lucine Amara's Micaela were quite right: Guarrera's voice is light for the bottom range of his part, Amara's is heavy for most of hers. Max Rudolf's meticulous direction could not make Miss Stevens follow the beat if she did not choose to do so.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



IDEAS ON FILM

Saving the Best Till Last

EACH year, when the days grow shorter and the calendar thins down to its last leaf, I find myself assembling a collection of papers reminding me of many wonderful films seen and not yet reviewed. What with several thousands released on 16mm annually, and with several hundreds that I see during that time, it is a constant problem to get reviews of the best ones into print within a reasonable time. It is particularly difficult with those that defy classification. Here then is a round-up of my favorite mavericks, some of which deserve much fuller treatment than this meager space permits. But late is better than nothing, and so here goes.

THURSDAY'S CHILDREN (22 min.) When a truly beautiful film comes along too often the temptation for everyone (audience and reviewers alike) is to suppose that the appeal of the film lies inherent in its subject. Such temptation is particularly strong in the case of this film, dealing as it does with the education of deaf children. Only when we compare this particular film with perhaps the dozen other films on a similar subject do we discover that we must find other reasons for its singular charm and its outstanding success (this year's Academy Award in the short documentary class, for example).

Other films about handicapped children make their audiences want to cry, through pathos or perhaps through boredom. "Thursday's Children" is more apt to make them want to stand up and cheer. There is spirit in this film that makes these deaf children and their teachers seem exuberantly alive; in contrast with them most people, in film or out, look sickly pale. Film critic Archer Winsten in *The New York Post* could hardly contain himself when he called it "possibly the most humanly gripping film experience since Huston's seldom seen 'Let There Be Light'" (which dealt with the rehabilitation of the Army's psychiatric patients).

The secret of "Thursday's Children" is not in the film's wonderful subject or in the beautiful faces of the children who appear in it. The secret is more deeply imbedded within the film itself—for example, the sheer magic of Walter Lassaly's camera in keeping a moving and observant view without seeming to intrude upon those who are being observed. The secret is in the direction given by the two enterprising young Englishmen, Guy Brenton and Lindsay Anderson, who made the film to please themselves, not to please a board of trustees, a fund-raising committee, or any other organized body of opinon.

Of course the film does show matter-of-fact things as any intelligent non-film-maker would expect to see: how the children are taught through work and play to understand the movement of lips, to imitate the vibration of sounds, and to come to grips with the writing of words, in a world where hearing does not exist. But it doesn't merely show these things, it lets the audience live them: the joys of teaching and learning and friendship and childhood and just being alive.

Commentary spoken by Richard Burton and music by Geoffrey Wright combine with the miraculous skills of Messrs. Brenton, Anderson, and Lassally to make a film that is blessed with grace and beauty. I can recommend this film without qualification to everyone in the world. Available for rental and purchase from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

NEIGHBORS (9 min., color) Another Academy Award winner is this hard-hitting parable by Norman McLaren on the futile destructiveness of men at war. In what at first seems to be a comic effect, McLaren uses a kind of stop-motion to "animate" the action of real people. Later this same technique is used to intensify the beastlike madness of the two "neighbors" as they dispute the right of ownership of a wildflower. A number of non-realistic effects are put to excellent use: a cardboard house-front is toppled over to reveal a real mother and baby, who then are beaten mercilessly by the opposing "neighbor," in the film's peculiarly staccato rhythm. In final hand-to-hand combat the faces of the two men are altered until in a swift series of flashes they become inhuman monsters before your very eyes. A lighter touch finishes the film as the flower pops up and entwines around the graves of both men. So. says McLaren in the fast-flashing multilinguai style titles he has made famous, "Love Your Neighbor" in every language you can think of.

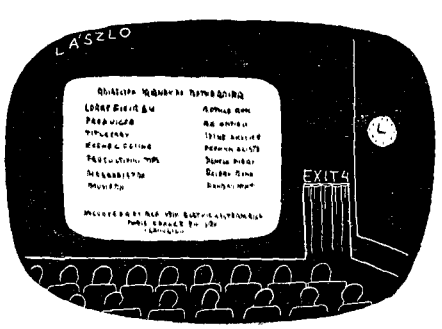
This is not a film to take lightly. Certainly no other film style could state so powerful a message in so condensed, persuasive, and haunting a way as does "Neighbors." It is apparent that McLaren, whose films usually revolve around the friendly conflict between inanimate dots and splashes, has inordinately strong feelings about the unfriendly conflicts between men and nations.

To give a simple evaluation of this film is difficult, if not impossible. Few people will enjoy it, because of the truly horrifying nature of the experience. On the other hand, few people will be unmoved by it. It is an important statement by a highly skilled craftsman and a creative film artist. There is no commentary, by the way, just action and sound effects, and some of McLaren's remarkable synthetic music. Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Distributed for rental and purchase by the International Film Bureau, 57 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois.

TWO BAGATELLES (3 min., color) This extra tidbit by McLaren in the same "pixillation" style as "Neighbors" is made up of two comic interludes called "On the Lawn" and "In the Backyard." In trick photography a man skates around without skates, gets involved with a ladder, and has his clothes pull a quick-change act. All this is fun, but the best reason for seeing the film is its dancing titles, just about the most hilarious ever seen. In instances of this kind, where timing and humor count for everything, McLaren has no equal. Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and distributed by the International Film Bureau, as above.

THE ROMANCE OF TRANSPORTATION (11 min., color) Although this animation cartoon is essentially educational, it is just about as entertaining as you'll find anywhere. It did not win an Academy Award, but it did at least get nominated—and it had the distinction of running in a New York art theatre for over a year on the program with MGM's "Lili." The animation style (somewhat reminiscent of UPA's) is bold in color and design, as the film covers the main points of the history of transportation in Canada from early explorers on foot and in canoe to today's automotive and air travelers. For teaching purposes the film applies just as easily to American history, at least in the Northern and Midwestern regions. Not the least of its charms is that its sober commentary seems often unaware of the merry mishaps taking place on the screen.

A free leaflet called "Making an Animated Film" is available from the film's distributor. In it co-writer-animator Robert Verrall lays the success of the film to the realization in the minds of those who made the film "that the history of transportation is not only about the evolution of vehicles and traveling machines, but is also about people." Among others who worked on the film were Wolf



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Koenig and Colin Low (makers of "Corral") and Roman Kroiter. Tom Daly produced and directed, for the Canadian Film Board. Available from International Film Bureau, as above.

LET'S TALK ABOUT FILM (18 min.) Anyone who has ever tried to lead a group discussion, with or without film as the springboard, will certainly get a boost from this film. I won't claim that it ranks with the best educational films ever made, but I can say that it is the most satisfactory production to date on the subject of film discussion. The approach is this: a group of discussion leaders tell their problems (in flashback) to a training supervisor who sits quietly among them, asks pertinent questions, and lets them talk over possible solutions. There you have it—the discussion leader's function in a nutshell. The film is original, interesting, and quite believable. Touches of humor, particularly in the clever underplaying of the role of the supervising leader, add much to the film's value. And the major flashback scene (of a successful discussion on how the community reacts and should react to receiving an ex-convict in its midst) is exciting in itself.

"Let's Talk About Film" was written, directed, and produced by Julian Biggs, in consultation with Everett Bovard, associate professor of Psychology at the University of Toronto. Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and distributed by its U.S. office at 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

SUNDAY BY THE SEA (15 min.) My favorite indoor sport this year has been looking at this sunny little film. After nearly a dozen viewings I still have not wearied of it. It is a sweet and simple outing to a British beach, Brighton perhaps, with glimpses of ordinary people being convivial and enjoying what there is to enjoy. The pictures, which show another aspect of Walter Lassally's gentle and penetrating camera craft, have been edited rhythmically to fit some delightful turn-of-the-century songs sung in loving Cockney intonation. The titles of the songs should tell the tale: "Where Did You Get That Hat?" "A Little of What You Fancy Does You Good," "Have a Little Piece of My Wife's Cake," "Ain't It Nice" (with a lyrical opening shot of children going up on a small ferris-wheel ride), and, as evening falls, "My Flo from Pimlico."

Everything in the film is as good-natured as can be. The children are fun, and so are the young people. But it is the shots of middle-aged and elderly people, laughing, drinking ale, and dancing, that are most memorable. A film of this kind may not be everybody's cup of tea. For me it is a fine display of film skills put to most commendable use. I call it a wonderful film, and I hope to be seeing it many times more, just for fun. Available for rental and purchase from Contemporary Films, 13 E. 37th St., New York 16, N. Y.

SEIFRIZ ON PROTOPLASM (26 min.) Despite the fact that this is possibly the most exciting science film to be produced in the U.S. since heavens knows when it has been seen by relatively few people. Happily enough, where it has been seen it has made quite a name for itself—at Edinburgh, at Cleveland, and at the Golden Reel Film Festival in New York earlier this year. From beginning to end the film reflects the conviction that science is so fascinating that it does not have to be jazzed up or toned down.

In the film the late William Seifriz, professor of botany at the University of Pennsylvania, sets out to collect specimens of slime mold in the open woods. Then in his laboratory he proceeds to show us various tests to which he has subjected this shapeless protoplasm, through cine-photomicrographic records taken over a twenty-year period. To an ignoramus such as myself it is both meaningful and stimulating; to a number of scientists with whom I have spoken it is an exemplary film for teaching purposes and for giving insight into the personality and work of a research scientist. And the microscopic material is haunting: the polyrhythmic flowing (streaming, it is called) of the protoplasm; its reactions to caffeine, electric shock, and toxic sulphur dioxide.

The film was made by Seifriz and J. M. B. Churchill, Jr. Handicapped by inadequate lighting and sound recording, they made up for these defects in the sensitive and intelligent construction and content of their film. For biology, botany, zoology, and general science students in high school and college a thorough study guide is available with the film. Ordinary audiences can well enjoy it with or without background information.

"Seifriz on Protoplasm" is available for purchase from the Educational Film Library Association, 345 E. 46th St., New York 17, N. Y. Rentals can be made at the New York University Film Library, 27 Washington Place, New York 3, N. Y., and at other educational film libraries. —Cecile Starr.

LITERARY LANDMARKS—II

"SUNNYSIDE": Washington Irving, the first American man of letters to achieve international distinction, had an interest in the old and antique which had rewarded him well by 1835, when "to stay the desolating hand of ruin" he bought a New England "saltbox" in what was then Tarrytown, thirty miles north of his native New York City. (This part of the town has since been renamed Irvington-on-the-Hudson in his honor.)

With the help of George Harvey, an English landscape artist trained as an architect and living in nearby Hastings, Irving rebuilt the salt-box "in the quaint Dutch style . . . as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat" and emblazoned the date 1656 on an outside wall—his guess at the date of the first house on the site. Only the date and the gables were Dutch; the rest was a potpourri of Gothic, Italian, classic, and oriental elements, crowned with Tudor chimneys. This architectural hodge-podge may not have been reasonable, but it was romantic. Irving's own description of Sunnyside as "an elegant little snuggery" is perhaps a little kittenish for our taste. Most of his own furniture is now back in place; his favorite color, deep claret red, is everywhere. As it stands, the gentleman-journalist's country seat—the first house in America built with royalties—holds up the mirror to Irving's taste and time.

The bachelor *bon vivant* had no descendants: "I have a pleasant and friendly neighborhood and a happy household of young nieces, who are like daughters to me," he wrote Dickens in 1841. And Irving has no literary descendants; the gentleman-journalist has disappeared from the literary scene unless, like Cleveland Amory or J. P. Marquand, he is willing to make fun of his own class and kind. But the sense of humor which made Irving famous never deserted him while he lived. He discovered that a "pretty country house is like a pretty wife—one is always throwing away money decorating it" and he boasted he could "raise vegetables for at least twice" what they cost his neighbors. In 1840 he drew a sister an attractive picture of his mode of life: "We have frequent gatherings at each others' houses, without parade or expense, and I do not know when I have seen more delightful little parties, or more elegant little groups of females. We have, occasionally, excellent music . . . and our parties always end with a dance. We have picnic parties also . . . picturesque assemblages, on some wild woodland point, jutting into the Tappan Sea, with the gay groups on the grass under the trees, carriages glistening through the woods, a yacht with flapping sails anchored half a mile from the shore, and rowboats plying to and from it, filled with lady passengers." —Nelson Lansdale.

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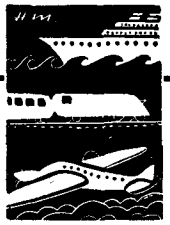

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Tobagan Ride

SCARBOROUGH, TOBAGO.

ALTHOUGH I cannot with good conscience, as I think I indicated in this space last week, recommend that you put in at Trinidad, at least until the proposed Hilton hotel has opened, I would certainly be remiss if I didn't urge you to make tracks for Tobago. To my mind the best thing about Trinidad is Tobago, a tiny fish-shaped island twenty-six miles long, seven miles wide at its fattest, governed by Britain as port of the Colony of Trinidad and Tobago.

What with taking off and landing (on a grass runway), it takes about twenty minutes or so in two-motored British West Indies Airlines planes to cover the route from Trinidad. Unfortunately, Tobago's field is too short and too soft to take one of the new Viscounts with which the British are now fetching passengers among the larger islands.

Tobago's 33,000 citizens live on an island covered with palm groves and fringed with beaches. Thankfully, there seemed little added activity or development on Tobago since I was last here a few years ago. We were, on this occasion, shortly tooling down a route which the signpost insisted was called Auchenskeoch Buckoo Bay Road, and we arrived in due course at a magnificent beach picnic site known as Pigeon Point. Pelicans were dropping like *Stukas* to scoop up small fish just offshore. The beach, the palms, and the shelters of thatch made it difficult to believe that one wasn't lolling on a Michener island on the other side of the sea. The bloom-bloom-bloom of a steel band dispelled any such illusion, however, and between generous outpourings of local rum and a particularly dirty beat maintained on a rusty brake drum, a jump-up (see *SR* Dec. 10), in bathing suits yet, was shortly in progress on the beach.

Pastelles of meat wrapped in corn flour were served alongside the sea, and shell-gatherers could wander around the sandy shore for a mile or more. Lying perhaps a mile or so offshore is Buckoo Reef, where, having arrived by skiff, one can with benefit of goggles and sneakers walk the coral floor and come face to face with fish no man in the final stages of *delirium tremens* would dare to dream.

Columbus—who else?—discovered Tobago in 1498, and while the Dutch, the French, the British, and the buccaneers battled over it for some years it was Daniel Defoe who really made it famous. A strong and partisan school insists that Tobago was the island which Defoe had in mind when he wrote Robinson Crusoe. In all fairness I must say this theory sends residents of Santiago, Chile, into gales of laughter, for they *know* that Defoe was talking about Juan Fernandez, off their coast. Be that as it may, you can scarcely avoid being shown Crusoe's cave. Nor would it be a hardship to put up at the Robinson Crusoe Hotel, an elderly sort of establishment run with amiability by one Kurt Nothnagel, a gentleman given to a *pince-nez* which he wears suspended on a black string, but gifted with a fine touch for the piano and a memory for ancient show tunes from far-off Broadway.

There is hardly a pleasanter retreat in the West Indies than Arnos Vale, a beach hotel and cottage colony ensconced within its own 450-acre estate. Although this plantation cultivates tourists, local hands are also busy drying copra and processing cocoa. You can sightsee on the estate by horseback, wandering among the cornbirds, the coricos, and Kings-of-the-Woods. The main house is equipped with a number of guest rooms, with a dining room, a bar, and for reasons that I neglected to determine a gold concert grand piano built for the 1851 Paris Exhibition. Cottages rim the ridge line and one is established at the edge of the sand. Sunday mornings the chef serves callaloo soup on the beach, and a bolstering brew it is, made of land crabs and callaloo bush. Hot coconut pie is the dessert.

The rates here, to give you an example of Tobagan tariffs, are $24 a day for two from December 1 to January 31 and for the month of April; $30 for two from February through March, and $14.40 for two from May 1 to November 30. Every room comes with bath and a veranda facing the sea, and the prices I have quoted, of course, include meals. I have in hand what the management assures me is a typical menu, and all that I can tell you is that it is lettered in an extravagant hand, and that it advertises onion soup, beefsteak and kidney pie with cottage fried potatoes or cold cuts with potato salad, followed by coconut pudding or sliced pineapple and tea or coffee.

There is just so far a man can travel with a steak and kidney pie aboard, let alone in the tropics, but for anyone who can get off the divan and who wants to there are trips to Little Tobago just off the northeast end of the island. The attraction is a 450-acre sanctuary for birds-of-paradise brought from New Guinea. Little Tobago is the only place outside of New Guinea where birds of paradise live uncaged. It takes a government landing card and twenty-nine cents, plus half an hour's row, to get to the birds.

About all else I can tell you about Tobago is that the temperature is eighty-four in the daytime, seventy-four in the nighttime all year round, and local pushers have urged me to point out that not only are there no poisonous snakes and no mosquitos, but sleeping sickness and *bilharzia*, whatever that is, are unknown. Birds on their way to Paradise are forewarned that there are only 110 rooms on Tobago, not counting Rob Crusoe's cave.

—HORACE SUTTON.

—EGYPT—
—the NEAR EAST—
—GREECE and PERSIA—

A fascinating tour beginning March 2nd, through April 24, 1956. Cairo, Luxor, Jerusalem, Petra, Amman, Damascus, Baghdad, Teheran, Isfahan, Beirut and Istanbul, and extending to GREECE. Delphi, Olympia, Epidauros, Corinth and Athens. Leadership: Dr. James H. Breasted, Jr. Colorful, informative and delightful. Write:

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Books for Young People

—*Manse Chorus.*

WHILE those of us who are concerned with children's books and reading by children give proper recognition to the new books of the year in our Children's Book Week activities, it is well to take notice of the editions and reprints of old favorites. Among those lately issued Laura E. Richards's "Tirra Lirra: Rhymes Old and New" (Little, Brown, $3) and Frank R. Stockton's "Ting-a-Ling Tales" (Scribner, $2.50) will be welcomed nostalgically by adults and with delight by children who will find them for the first time. An American edition of the old French favorite "Mere Michele and Her Cat" (John Day, $2.25) with the original drawings will please cat lovers and others who rejoice to see the good triumph and evil beings get their just deserts. And a new edition of "Little Women" illustrated by Barbara Cooney (Crowell, $3.50), though large and heavy, will continue the high rating always accorded this long-time favorite.

Reviewers for this issue: Rosemary Livsey, Director, Work with Children, Los Angeles Public Library; Margaret Mahon, Children's Librarian, Greenville, South Carolina, Public Library; Norma Rathbun, Chief, Work with Children, Milwaukee, Wis., Public Library; Eulalie Steinmetz Ross, Director of Work with Children, Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County; and Ruth Hill Viguers, Lecturer, School of Library Science, Simmons College, Boston.

—Frances Lander Spain, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

THE THREE KINGS OF SABA. *By Alf Evers. With pictures by Helen Sewell. Lippincott.* $2.50. The author and artist who collaborated last year with such distinctive results to produce "In the Beginning" have chosen to interpret another Biblical story in this, their second, picture-storybook.

According to a note in the text a bit of lore from Marco Polo's book of travel provided the inspiration for this story of Balthasar, Melchior, and Jaspar, who went forth from Saba, where they jointly ruled, to Bethlehem to discover from the new prophet which of them should be sole ruler of their Persian kingdom. They went in pride and anger; before the Child they found humility and simple truth.

Mr. Evers and Miss Sewell have told their story with words and pictures that have measured strength and dignity as befits a story of kings. There is real majesty in the portraits of the three kings and tenderness in the picture of Mary and the Child. The rich reds and blues, deep purples, and warm yellows reflect the Eastern origin of the tale.

Here is a picture book to share with the children on Twelfth Night in order to bring the celebration of "the long Christmas" to a moving and colorful end. —Eulalie Steinmetz Ross.

CHAGA. *By Will and Nicholas. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. In the story of Chaga the elephant, who learns what it is to be small in the big world of the jungle, this author and artist, working together to achieve complete unity, have again created an unusual picture book. There is an extraordinary use of color: double-page spreads in purple and blue-green, red and olive. Some of the pictures, particularly the one showing the small animals racing through the forest, have strong oriental feeling, quite in keeping with Chaga's story. While adults may have varied reactions to this picture book, most young children are likely to find it full of humor and excitement.

—Ruth Hill Viguers.

PHILOMENA. *By Kate Seredy. Viking Press.* $2.75. When Philomena went from her little Bohemian village to the city of Prague to find work while she searched for a long lost aunt her most important possession was her faith in her grandmother's ability to guide her even from Heaven. Before she and Babushka could accomplish the realization of her dream she met people of many kinds, added to herself a family of animal friends, and found a warm, happy home.

Philomena is not only a "strong country girl" who can hold her own in many an adventure, but she is the kind of heroine that readers will take to their hearts. Miss Seredy has told a friendly, humorous story that is as full of atmosphere as are her many lovely illustrations. While its format will make it attractive to the young, it is an appealing, beautiful book for girls of almost any age. —R. H. V.

THE PLUMBER OUT OF THE SEA. *By Marc Simont. Harper.* $2. Tired of being too busy? Floyd, a plumber of some sixteen years, escapes in a sailboat to three wonderful years at sea. One day when he goes ashore for more supplies he finds a village of nice people who are having trouble with their new plumbing bought from a smooth-talking salesman. Floyd stays to help, and when he gets back to sea he can't forget the fun and warmth of the people at the supper which they held for him when the plumbing job was done.

Marc Simont's wonderfully humorous and detailed illustrations in lovely pink and blue lend an irresistible charm to what is usually considered a quite realistic and unromantic profession. —Norma Rathbun.

THE TAILOR'S TRICK. *By Rosalys Hall. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. Lippincott.* $2.50. Quaint speech and droll humor pervade this unique tale of colonial Providence. Mr. Trout, "the good and worthy minister promised to put young Jenckes the tailor in mind of his responsibility to marry." Young Jenckes outwits the people and wins "sweet Betsy Trout," the minister's daughter.

The excellent illustrations, done mostly in soft autumn colors, capture the spirit of the tale. This is good supplementary reading for fifth-graders who are studying colonial history, or for the teacher to read aloud when she has a half hour for it.

—Margaret Mahon.

MOUSE CHORUS. *By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Genevieve Vaughan-Johnson. Pantheon.* $2. Deft rhyming, gay moods, and settings of still beauty mark these light-hearted verses about mice. Mice from literature are represented, all boasting or protesting the roles assigned them by Mother Goose, Aesop, and Clement Moore. The country mouse shivers in the cold and chill of the snowy field, the city mouse is full of

—*From "Little Women."*

". . . high rating . . . long-time favorite."

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content on the pantry shelf, and "Mice from Spain" presents a mouse United Nations. And brown mice from the brush of Genevieve Vaughan-Jackson dance and twirl all over the pages of this endearing little book, as delightful to the eye as the lilting rhythm of the verses is to the ear. —E. S. R.

FRISKY. *By Lydia Perera. Illustrated by Oscar Liebman. Holiday House.* $2.25. When luck sent a dime Otto's way and he could ride the merry-go-round he chose Frisky, the horse that looked like a white cloud he had seen in the sky. When Otto won two free rides he was sure it was Frisky who had brought him the good luck, and decided to do something special for him. Otto has the imagination and innate gratitude of unspoiled childhood, which give this story a simple charm.

The attractive illustrations add appeal, and the large print and easy-to-read text combine to make a book that eight-year-olds can read for themselves. —M. M.

PARSLEY. *By Ludwig Bemelmans. Harper.* $3.50. The weather-beaten branches of the lone pine at the edge of the cliff were very like the great gray antlers of the stag who often rested beside the tree. The friendship of these two continued through the years while other forest trees grew and were cut down and made into furniture. Even the death of the hunter seems of little importance in the endlessness of time personified by the ancient tree and the old stag.

The thread of story ties together some beautiful pictures of mountain crags and forest in winter and summer, darkness and sunshine. On the white pages with brief text which face the pages in full, rich color are delicate paintings of individual mountain flowers. —R. H. V.

TAM THE UNTAMED. *By Mary Elwyn Patchett. Illustrated by Gerald McCann. Bobbs-Merrill.* $2.75. Last year Mrs. Patchett told of her life on an Australian bush station and her great, half-wild dog, Ajax. This year she continues her story now centering the interest around a wonderful dappled silver horse, Tam. So close did she live with these animals that they became almost a unity, thinking together and acting in concert. There are rough moments in "Tam the Untamed" as one might expect in an account of pioneer living, but the devotion between the growing girl, her dog, and her horse makes good reading for all who enjoy the out-of-doors. —F. L. S.

LION HOUND. *By Jim Kjelgaard. Illustrated by Jacob Landau. Holiday House.* $2.75. Mr. Kjelgaard again tells

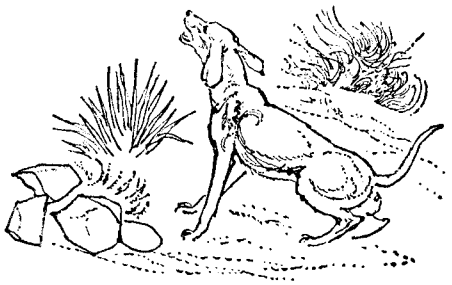
an exciting story of animals pitted against one another and against nature. Though old Jake, a famous hunter, and young Johnny Torrington have their parts in the story it is the struggle between the wily mountain lion and the untried red hound that gives it drama. The lion, hated by and hating humans, and the hound, devoted to his master, fight to the death in a narrow cleft in the high Arizona rimrock country. The feel of the Southwest and an understanding of animals are strong in this book. —F. L. S.

PENNY'S ACRES. *By Mina Lewiton. David McKay.* $2.75. In her love for her home town Penny tries to solve the problem of a future for its young people by bringing to life the dream her father had had of making the town a center for the old handicrafts. While the background of the book is concerned with the problems that beset a dying farming community, the story is essentially that of Penny Rowan, a very real person, warm and kind, facing the regrets and stresses of adolescence with common sense and growing maturity. The characters, drawn with restraint, are appealing and unusually convincing. This is a novel for older girls which has real dimensions and a holding power beyond the reading of it. —R. H. V.

WHERE SPEED IS KING. *By Margaret and Edwin Hyde. Illustrated by Clifford N. Geary. Whittlesey House.* $2.50. This is a quick survey for the sports enthusiast of all sports where speed is of primary importance. It discusses factors of health, safety, and sportsmanship, and describes some outstanding races in all fields: winter sports, water sports, boats of all kinds, racing cars, horse- and bicycle-racing; even pigeon-racing and soap-box derbies. There are a few speed records at the end of the book and the addresses of official organizations where other records and information may be obtained. —R. H. V.

SEE THROUGH THE SEA. *By Millicent Selsam and Betty Morrow. Pictures by Winifred Lubell. Harper.* $2.50. Three creative individuals combined their resources to produce this simple explanation of the life that is to be found in the sea: Miss Selsam, a biologist, assures the scientific accuracy of the text; Miss Morrow, a poet, illuminates the facts with a sense of wonder; Miss Lubell, an artist, draws on the sea itself for the colors of her imaginative illustrations—sea-green, sand-gold, and coral-red. The adaptations of ocean life to the various depths of the sea are emphasized in the text, and a small diagram in each illustration indicates to the child reader just where *he* is in relation to the picture.

An attractive introduction to sea-lore, this, which may, in this day of



—From "Lion Hound."

". . . fight to the death."

skin-diving, appeal to more than the younger readers for whom it is intended. —E. S. R.

SPIDERS. *By Dorothy Childs Hogner. Illustrated by Nils Hogner. Crowell.* $2. This informative book can be used and enjoyed by the very young reader, but is authentically factual enough and entertaining enough to merit the attention of the more mature reader. Through text and illustration it acquaints its readers with the types of spiders and their webs, what they eat, how they grow, how they care for their young, and how they differ from their cousins: the scorpion, the daddy longlegs, the tick, and the mite. This is a welcome addition to the list of good books written and illustrated by this team. —M. M.

CARRY ON MR. BOWDITCH. *By Jean Lee Latham. Illustrated by John O'Hara Cosgrave II. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.75. The romance of old Salem, sailing ships, the adventures and legends of the sea, and the perseverance and integrity of a boy are skilfully combined in this very readable biography. Readers from nine on will find this a thrilling and challenging story of a mathematical genius who fought the handicaps of physical smallness, poverty, and superstitions and wrote the "American Practical Navigator."

Graphic, authentic illustrations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II in double-spread black-and-white drawings and chapter headings add greatly to the historical detail of the book. —N. R.

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Fiction

Continued from page 14

household at Chalk Hill, and the legless poet's happy life there, make up the culminating action of the story. It will leave at least some of Mr. Spring's readers wholly unconvinced.

His extreme facility and his liking for the panoramic effect lead Mr. Spring to carry his narrative through the full half-century—even to America, where the nuclear physicist works in the Los Alamos laboratory. But after Eustace Hawke's drowning in a high cold Yorkshire tarn the story is spent. Though events continue and a new generation faces a new war and a new future, the later passages of the novel seem only a recounting of recent history.

Notes

GORAY AND THE DEVIL: The scene of **"Satan in Goray"** (Noonday Press, $3), an epic historical novel, is seventeenth-century Poland. The author is Isaac Bashevis Singer, whose short story "Gimpel the Fool" has become a classic of Yiddish literature. The translation of the novel by Jacob Sloan is exceptionally lyrical, and the whole work manages to capture that barbaric, oriental flavor that one associates with Eastern Jews of the period.

Goray is a small medieval town in which 100,000 Jews perished. Its returning inhabitants, at first chastened by the catastrophe, feel that they can win back the Lord's favor by extreme asceticism: they fast, torment themselves physically, and devote most of their waking hours to prayer. The excesses of this approach, as it comes under the direct impetus of a man whom the public mind takes for the Messiah, lead to excesses in the opposite direction, and complete license seizes the people of Goray. So convinced are they that the world is coming to an end and that tomorrow shall see them in Paradise (each under his own fig tree) that first they ignore, and, finally, abuse, the material things and spiritual values of this world.

Mr. Singer is enormously successful in evoking the mass hysteria attendant on people who convince themselves of God's immanence and transcendency. The heroine of the book, Rechele, who is beautiful but obviously very emotionally disturbed and who is unable to affect any satisfactory relationship with her husband, is chosen as the Devil's bride. The book ends in a positive fever of emotional intensity with the exorcism and death of Rechele.

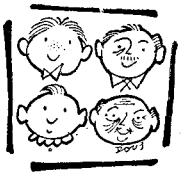
The scholarship and literary excellence of this work cannot be questioned: it virtually sets a standard for the historical romance, both in authenticity and style. It also does something more, for it is the author's intention to create a historical parallel by suggesting that the Utopia the Jews invariably seek to find today in Israel, as they did so long ago in Goray, is ill-conceived. The Lord, he says, in a moral at the end, will come in His Own Sweet Time.

—DACHINE RAINER.

MURDER ON THE *ANTARES*: A captain who is hated by his crew can often be as effective a leader as one who is loved. But a captain who is loved can be more than a leader: he can be a father-substitute to grown men desperately in need of one, and occasionally he can, through such a relationship, inspire the men under his command to regenerative acts of self-sacrifice. Such a captain is O'Mara, who is identified by the title of Kennard Davis's short, powerful novel **"The Gentle Captain"** (Rinehart, $2.75). Quiet, strong, and infinitely fatherly in his understanding of how to maneuver men through the emotional crises of duty and danger, Captain O'Mara is a perfect match for his strange, brilliant, arrogant first officer, Stuart. Their ship, the *Antares*, is old and frail, and she is caught in a storm in the Western Approaches. But instead of taking a safe course away from the center she must proceed to rescue the crew of the tiny freighter *Slieve Mhor* in the heart of the storm. In this undertaking Stuart's delicately balanced personality cracks apart, and he commits the almost unprovable murder of a young apprentice in the crew. The rescue is accomplished, but in the process the old *Antares* takes such a pounding that her forepeak tank and her Number One hold start leaking faster than they can be pumped out. O'Mara orders his crew and the rescued men to go aboard a passenger ship that is standing by, while he and Stuart stay aboard the *Antares* so that she can be towed into Falmouth by tugs, and with a sense of his own doom, but with a hope that Stuart's skill and arrogance can be put to good use in the task of keeping the *Antares* afloat at the end of a towline, O'Mara settles down to several days of anxious effort with a near-lunatic as companion. Then, in the labor and danger of yet another storm (and while the old ship flounders behind the tugs), O'Mara and Stuart reach a profound understanding and this honest and sensitive sea story reaches a fine climax of action and sentiment.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

Your Literary I. Q.



Conducted by John T. Winterich

AGES AND AGES

Below are ten quotations from various poets (and one dramatist) in which specific ages of people are set down. In our present problem, however, blanks have been substituted for the actual figures. You are asked to fill in the blanks and to name the works cited and the authors thereof. All in all, thirty-three bits of data are requested. Ten correct answers should be regarded as superficial, from eleven to twenty-five as interstitial, and above twenty-five as highly judicial. Answers on page 38.

1. I am just - - - - - years and - - - - - months old,
   And, if I lived a day more, - - - - - full weeks.
2. I have no name:
   I am but - - - - - days old.
3. I met a little cottage girl:
   She was - - - - - years old, she said.
4. He was the painter in that swift ship's crew,
   Lampman and painter—tall, a slight-built man,
   Young for his years, and not yet - - - - -.
5. I stood upon the brink of - - - - - years,
   And looked before and after.
6. How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
   Stolen on his wing my - - - - - year.
7. Of - - - - - year of age he was, I gesse.
   Of his stature he was of evene lengthe.
8. I am old! You may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
   I am - - - - - times one today.
9. Here's to the maiden of bashful - - - - -,
   Here's to the widow of - - - - -.
10. When - - - - - winters shall besiege thy brow.

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Should People Distrust Lawyers?

Continued from page 8

intelligent (or, at least, honest) approach to current problems will bring rewards in relative freedom from the problems of the future. No President of the United States has yet been executed, or even much harassed, by his successor. Law is the partition between these two ways of living. Of course, tyrannies and dictatorships have their statutes, but there law is the whim of the rulers, altered or ignored at convenience. In a free society the law is something more; it is an entity to which the ruler must submit, a free acting force.

BUT not all legal operations are on the heights where governing monarchs sit; it is in this area of stability and permanence that most of the ordinary business laws of the community make their contribution. A stable system of law reassures the investor that his corporation will not be seized if it becomes profitable, as the juicy plums of German industry were confiscated by Nazi leaders. It is law which gives the sense of confidence necessary to accept a check, purchase a house, own life insurance, save money, retire on a pension, buy an automobile, make the hundreds of simple commitments to the future which constitute so great a part of daily life. If law did nothing else, this function alone would justify its claim to being a useful vocation.

A democratic society also implies protection of the individual against the power of the state. Our conception of a tyranny has always included the helpless prisoner whipped to death in a torture cell; the old man fading through the years, imprisoned without a trial; innocent families uprooted from their homes and marched in agony to distant barracks with neither explanation nor pity. Typical of this degradation of human dignity by a state turned against its own citizens were Belsen, Buchenwald, the other German concentration camps with their lampshades of human skin and piles of salvaged wedding rings.

Among the democracies such things are incredible. Even in a Rosenberg trial or a Hiss trial, where the deepest emotions are inflamed, we would be shocked if orderly procedures for the defense of the individual were ignored or bypassed, or a vicious and inhuman punishment imposed. Yet all that prevents these events are the concepts of fair trial and governmental responsibility, enforced through the much maligned "legal technicalities" of newspaper reports. The writ of *habeas corpus*, a "legal technicality" if there ever was one, requires the government to produce its prisoners in court and explain why they are being held. If the state has no reasonable grounds (again a "legal technicality") they must be released. If there is justification for holding them other "legal technicalities" force a speedy and public trial. At that trial the government cannot compel the accused to testify against himself, or introduce his confession without corroborating evidence or—in any event—if it is shown to be the result of force or fraud. Because of "legal technicalities" hearsay evidence cannot be introduced, so that the defendant may have the benefit of cross-examining in public the person or persons who accuse him of crime.

Violation of these rules can be appealed to the higher courts. If the appeal is sustained it results in annulment of the conviction. Thus law, through the specific rules it provides for doing things, called "legal technicalities," directs the machinery of a democratic government against itself as a control upon excesses of power.

Of course, the idea of one part of a state restraining another is a logical absurdity, like lifting yourself by your bootstraps, but the proof of experience is that it can be made to work. The full explanation of its success is not easily come by, but it is evident that the arrangement is effective in large part because of the climate created by the traditions of honor, integrity, and independence which judges and lawyers of the democratic world have preserved for generations, symbolized in the magistrate's black robe and the ceremonials attending the arrival of a judge in his courtroom.

A further necessary aspect of democracy is equality between persons. Once again the law renders the theoretical concrete. Our own times are seeing this in the Supreme Court litigation concerning segregation in the public schools. Where, even in a democracy, could a peaceful solution for such a controversial problem be reached except through the operation of an antiseptic judicial system which permits, indeed almost compels, each side to set forth the best arguments available in support of its thesis? The end result of these decisions is not yet fully apparent, but it would be a rash man who would say that they have not been a major contribution to the advancement of the democratic ideal. The credit rests directly with the judges and attorneys involved, not to mention the lawyers and jurists of the past whose devoted efforts erected a system of law capable of dealing with such a crisis.

In more mundane instances, too, the legal system preserves and cultivates the equality which has been postulated as the reason for our national existence. The conduct of drab automobile negligence cases, the murky complications of a shareholders' derivative suit, the instructions and advice to clients given in thousands of quiet law offices—through all these the bland, generalized philosophy of our government is transmuted, sometimes with a deplorable excess of heat, into the firm directions applied to specific issues which make equality a throbbing, vital thing.

One of the most valiant of the attempts to translate equality into law is the Internal Revenue Code. Its complications are as much evidence of the good intentions of the drafters as they are monuments to the difficulty of the task. Irritating and unsatisfactory though the end result is, anyone with a thorough knowledge of world history will acknowledge the tremendous improvement in fairness and equity which it represents over the means of collecting government revenue which have held favor in the past, most of which, in theory or in fact, relied largely upon arbitary confiscation.

Yet another attribute of a free society is its capacity for orderly change. Unlike despotisms, where the death or decline of a Stalin, Hitler, or Mussolini brings on violence and unrest, democracies, when truly served, reject old names and embrace new policies with relative calm and deliberation. Labor unions, for example, were once regarded by the American people as criminal conspiracies against the rights of property. Ultimately the majority changed its mind, and began to consider it a basic right of laborers to be free to bargain collectively. A more complete reversal of ideas is difficult to imagine, yet, guided by a series of progressive statutes and court decisions, we stepped across the social chasm from one view to the other without a slip. It was the concept of law, and respect, which rendered this peaceful change possible.

There is, after all, nothing inevitable in orderly change. Spain has proven that. So, too, have Germany, Italy, France, Russia, England, even our

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own country at various times. Peaceful change requires the satisfaction of the people with the tools of reform at their disposal. In our society these tools are laws, brought into action by legislators, judges, lawyers. The concept of a secret ballot, for example, basic to orderly elections, is an absurdity without an agency to guarantee secrecy. So, too, are the ideas of popular government and freedom of speech, if there are no methods to preserve them against the efforts of prejudice, force, and fraud. In a practical sense, at least, Oliver Wendell Holmes was correct when he said that rights had no existence outside a system of law; it is a sad truth about human nature that without means of enforcement "rights" would receive short shrift.

One of the greatest contributions of law to democracy is the satisfactory, non-physical method it provides for the discharge of hostile feeling and the settlement of violent differences. Originally men enforced their wishes by axe or club. The first step away from violence, and the first step toward law, was the introduction of formalized duels between hired champions who took up with their arms the task of determining the righteousness of opposite points of view. Even in modern law, where money damages substitute for physical blows, the essential idea of conflict and retribution still prevails. A discontented wife can denounce her husband from the witness stand, instead of assaulting him in his sleep; the defrauded creditor can bring his debtor into court, instead of thrashing him in an alley; the general public can watch the slow progress of the law drawing a rapist to judgment rather than lynching him in haste, in horror, and perhaps in error.

This function of law reaches its highest level in the great public cases, like the Triangle Shirtwaist fire case of fifty years ago from which sprang much of our anti-sweatshop legislation; or the Scopes evolution trial in Tennessee. The proceedings on such occasions become a medium for the molding and expression of public opinion. Through them the public learns the other side of controversial issues, becoming better equipped to deal with them. And in this type of litigation there is much to be said for the law's slow pace, in spite of the fuming of the impatient, since the deliberation serves both as a dramatic device to focus attention and as a reinforcement of the ultimate cathartic effect.

All this is beneficial to the public peace. Since the energy involved is turned to constructive purposes, the process is good also for the long-range welfare of society. How much better it would have been if Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr had settled their differences in a courtroom, rather than snuffing out the life of the one and the reputation of the other in a savage outburst of violence. Negatively, then, a function of law is the conclusion of disputes without murder. Positively, one function is to bring further accretions of strength to the coral reef of habit and tradition which make up the framework of civilized society.

When the law falters, or is not invoked, as in the occasional lynchings and riots which have defaced our history, as well as the parodies of court proceedings which have sometimes passed for Congressional investigations, we can glimpse the snake-pit into which so many nations have fallen. Once—in the Civil War—we went through that terrifying experience ourselves. But if we are as sensitive to the rarity of these events as we are to their ugliness we can gain a new appreciation of the protecting net, silent and elastic, the law has woven between us and anarchy.

LET those who doubt the contributions of law to society take note of the special attention tyrants and foreign conquerors, from the Romans to the Communists, have always paid to the legal systems of the land they despoil. The most prominent lawyers, the finest judges, are the first members of society to find themselves behind the fences of a concentration camp, or to be left bloody in a ditch; because tyrants know it is essential that the law be bent to their will. Or observe the results of anarchy on the international scene, where without a sure, enforceable rule of law among nations there is no stability, equality, or orderly change; where, rather than the peaceful settlement of disputes, the ultimate concern of mankind appears to be with the apocalypse of hydrogen-bomb war.

While the law is not perfect, there is no other system for the governing of men except violence. The difference between an alley-fight and a debate is law. The same legal technicality which frees a burglar can also free a patriot. It is exasperating, sometimes, that the writs are used so often in behalf of the burglars, but how much more comforting it is to know that even a burglar's rights have weight than it would be to feel sure that every criminal in the nation was safe behind bars, but that with them were thousands of citizens innocent of any wrong.

Perhaps if our people grasped that fact as firmly as they should they would appreciate the relative unimportance of the shoddy and dishonest elements in the bar. Perhaps they would come to an awareness that shysters are mere scum on the waters, witnesses to the fallen nature of man rather than to the profession which they have chosen to deface. Perhaps. also, people would be more aware of their own responsibilities toward the law, recognizing the importance of their attitudes toward such matters as fixing motor-vehicle arrests and bringing false personal-injury claims, when considered against the importance of a harmonious and equitable system of law to the preservation of our society. Then, at last, we all might understand how important a contribution to our progress toward the democratic ideal has been made by the generations of lawyers and jurists down the years, and develop that reverence for law which is the only safeguard of our way of life.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Seventeen, five, three. Robert Browning: "The Ring and the Book" ("Pompilia"). 2. Two. William Blake: "Infant Joy." 3. Eight. Wordsworth: "We Are Seven." 4. Twenty-two. Masefield: "Dauber." 5. Twenty. E. B. Browning: "Aurora Leigh." 6. Three and twentieth. Milton: Sonnet: "On His Having Arrived to the Age of Twenty-three." 7. Twenty. Chaucer: Prologue, "The Canterbury Tales" (The Squire). 8. Seven. Jean Ingelow: "Songs of Seven." 9. Fifteen, fifty. Sheridan: "Let the Toast Pass" (from "The School for Scandal"). 10. Forty. Shakespeare: Sonnet II.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 651

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 651 will be found in the next issue.

PZJ LWPG XLU KAJ EI

PWARALCAPU, LG PZJU

SJWJ MEWD EI JDPZQGALGX

HJEWHJ GLDPLULDL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 650

If you want to kill any idea in the world today, get a committee working on it.

—FELIX FRANKFURTER.

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American Theatre

Continued from page 9

quence, the passion, the reckless splendor that sparkle and thunder through the Elizabethan drama are but expressions of the sanguine exuberance that characterized that dazzling era.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, however, revolutionary political events and scientific theories had drastically altered man's conception of himself and of his relation to the universe. As his horizons widened his own stature shrank correspondingly. The Industrial Revolution had destroyed the last vestiges of the feudal system. Political science, in theory at least, had reduced all men to a common level of equality. Evolutionary science had formulated the disconcerting hypothesis that man, far from being the unique product of a special creation, is merely a remote and rather complicated descendant of the amoeba. In terms of the dramatic art it was no longer possible to picture him as a godlike creature, whose personal destiny was a matter of cosmic importance. It was possible, however, to substitute for divine justice the somewhat less exalted concept of social justice. The heroes of Ibsen and his followers went forth to battle against the hypocrisies, falsehoods, and inequities of an outmoded social order. They bore aloft the banner of the ideal. They failed because they were imperfect, or because the forces arrayed against them were too powerful; but they did not despair. I am oversimplifying, of course; but I think it can be fairly said that even the pessimism of the late nineteenth century sprang from anger and impatience with man's mistakes and follies rather than from lack of faith in his possibilities.

THE turn of the century brought with it the new psychology. I think it is no exaggeration to say that the theories of Freud have altered man's conception of himself as radically as did those of Darwin and of Marx. We learned from him that our conscious life is merely the surface manifestation of a complex of impulses that lies hidden in the dark and perilous waters of the unconscious. We are all, it seems, ridden by fears and anxieties, tortured by feelings of guilt and of inferiority, remorselessly driven by morbid compulsions. We spend our lives in a frantic effort to compensate for our inadequacies and frustrations. Actions that once seemed noble now appear to be merely protective coloration for destructive or

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Saturday Review

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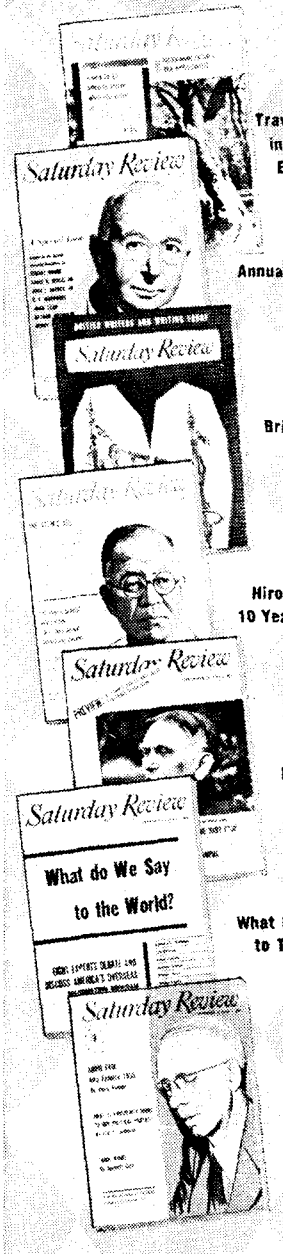

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shameful desires. Moral values are illusory: a mask for the true amorality of our natures. Basically we are all insecure and, to make matters worse, our insecurity more often than not springs from infantile or even prenatal misadventures, beyond awareness or the range of memory.

Meanwhile the outer world has been blasted by two devastating wars; the threat of a third, even more devastating, hangs over us. Whether these catastrophes are the product of our fears and frustrations or have merely served to aggravate them is irrelevant here. I am trying to say only that there is an increasing emphasis upon the mental derangements that beset humanity. The dislocations of war have robbed millions of psychic, as well as of physical, security. The crime rate mounts steadily. The ever-increasing incidence of divorce is evidence not only of the inability of people to make emotional adjustments but of the disruption of the normal emotional patterns of countless children. In the United States more than half the hospital beds are occupied by mental patients, and there is an incessant demand for increased facilities. And, of course, those requiring hospitalization are only a fraction of the mentally-disturbed. Recourse to psychiatric therapy is no longer a luxurious pastime for the wealthy or the idle; it has become for many an indispensable requisite. People now speak of "my analyst" as they speak of "my dentist" or "my tailor." A recent comic drawing in *The New Yorker* showed a psychoanalyst's office displaying a sign which read: "Six couches: no waiting."

What was fifty years ago an esoteric scientific theory has seeped down to the popular level. It permeates our medical institutions and our lawcourts; our prisons and our schools. The major part of American commercial advertising is deliberately and cynically designed to play upon the emotions of fear, shame, anxiety, and envy. In ever-increasing numbers, the presses pour forth scientific and pseudo-scientific treatises that discuss and interpret our social and personal problems in terms of psychic dislocations, emotional maladjustments, and escape mechanisms.

IT IS not surprising, therefore, to find in the work of our playwrights—those weathervanes of the popular climate—unmistakable indications of which way the wind is blowing. The prevailing tone is not so much pessimism as disillusionment, despair, and even disgust. T. S. Eliot, Nobel Prizewinner and the most influential contemporary poet—as well as a brilliant playwright—has summed it up in these words: "This is the way the world ends: not with a bang, but a whimper." (Though in view of the progress of atomic science it may be a bang, after all.)

At any rate, the tragic hero, as protagonist, has almost ceased to exist. The figure of noble stature charged with high destiny, impelled by profound passions, has become obsolete. The heroes of the drama of today, if they can be called heroes, are bewildered creatures, floundering in a morass of self-delusion, self-pity, and frustration; drugging themselves with wishful fantasies; destroying those closest to them with a surfeit or dearth of love.

Recently there has appeared a volume by W. David Sievers, an American university professor, provocatively entitled "Freud on Broadway." In this closely-printed book of 500 pages the author examines the works of American playwrights during the last three or four decades, in the light of psychoanalytic theory. While some of his interpretations are certainly a little strained, there can be no doubt that the general conclusions of his survey are both convincing and startling. Almost without exception every contemporary playwright reveals in his work the strong influence of the new approach to human relationships and human behavior. Like Moliere's hero who discovered to his astonishment that he had been speaking prose all his life, the amazed playwright may learn from these pages that he has been consistently expounding the new psychology.

Though it is not my intention to cite the work of individual dramatists, a few general observations will, I hope, illustrate my brief diagnosis of the present state of the drama. It is remarkable, for example, that the contemporary drama fails almost entirely to deal with the problems of adults. By adults, of course, I do not mean merely persons who have attained their legal majority, but integrated individuals who are emotionally secure and who are capable of conducting their lives in a healthful and constructive manner. Psychiatric therapy casts doubts upon the existence of such individuals; but if they do exist they rarely find their way into the plays of today. Instead, our drama deals almost exclusively with the problems of children and of adolescents—actual or arrested. This is not surprising, for the news has spread that we are not responsible for what we are or do, but that all our shortcomings, maladjustments, and failures can be traced back to our childhood environment, and more particularly to the mistakes and inadequacies of those who presided over our formative years. The twentieth century has been called the century of the child, and with some justice.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
EVIDENCE FOR THE CROWN *Molly Lefebure* (Lippincott: $2.50)	British gal who took dictation from morgue slabs gives pathologist's-eye view of recent cases.	True-crime reminiscences from unusual and engaging angle: good shots of cops at work.	Nice going.
THE MOONFLOWER MURDER *Beverly Nichols* (Dutton: $2.75)	Exotic blossom key in crime which taxes wits of Yardman and Horatio Green, 5′ 3″ peeper.	Well-populated with many oddish members: Q&A technique: action middling fast.	Stock country-house opus.
THE RIDDLE OF SANSOM *Andrew Garve* (Harper: $2.75)	Youthful scholar explores Scilly Isles, locates too-fresh corpse, lovely lady, astute cop.	Setting novel, admirable: pace well built up; salt water plentiful.	Tension holds.
THE SPLINTERED MAN *M. E. Chaber* (Rinehart: $2.75)	Major Milo March, U.S. Reserves, once again saves free world by shuttling between two Berlins.	Schizophrenic drug and antidote urgent elements: wild and woolly, with nice escape dash.	He's beaten this, but it moves.
THE LISTENING EYE *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.75)	Two die, necklace vanishes ere Miss Silver, English eyess, and Yardman Abbott snag culprit.	Lip-reading a factor: rural manor, art gallery, rooming house all figure.	Rambling.
TRICK OR TREAT *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Unwanted Conn. wife's demise timely, putting hubby on spot: Insurance Adjuster Jeff DiMarco curious.	Murderer in Halloween togs adds fantastic touch to yarn that develops pace only occasionally.	Formula job.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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for not only is there a new and, on the whole, salutary interest in the well-being of children, but adults tend more and more to identify themselves with their children or, by taking refuge in childhood memories, to escape from or find answers to the problems of the present.

For many years now the chief villains of the drama have been the possessive mother and the dominating father. And the hero, if not actually a child or an adolescent, is an adult who is still chained to his past, or whose appetites and desires have been curbed, distorted, or perverted. The recurrent themes of our plays are loneliness, rebellion against parental authority, incest-longings, emotional starvation, escape mechanisms, juvenile delinquency, crimes of violence, homosexuality, terror fantasies, sadism, and schizophrenia.

I AM aware that I have painted a gloomy picture, but I have not done so with the intention of disparaging or castigating the playwrights of today. They, like the players, are but the brief and abstract chroniclers of the times. Their work, as I have said, merely epitomizes the contemporary attitude toward life. On the artistic side of the dramatic art America need not be ashamed of itself. We have many sensitive, forceful playwrights whose work displays great technical skill and literary excellence. In my forty years in the American theatre I have seen a constant rise in the general level of dramatic writing. In the face of increasingly difficult economic conditions and severe competition from the media of mass entertainment the theatre manages to survive—as it always has, and always will, for nothing equals it as an apparatus for the projection of man's fantasies.

If, at present, the drama is at a lower spiritual and intellectual level than we would wish it to be it is because we live in a time of anti-intellectualism and spiritual negation. We have taken the human mechanism apart in an effort to find out why it does not tick, but we have not yet discovered the formula for reassembling it so that its triumphant carillon may ring out to heaven. In splitting the atom and splitting the ego we have unleashed forces that may destroy us, unless we find a synthesis that will employ atomic energy for peaceful uses, and psychic energy for restoring to man a belief in his own dignity and creative potentialities. If that happy time ever comes I think that the dramatists of the world, including those of America, will know how to celebrate the renascence of the human spirit.

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1134

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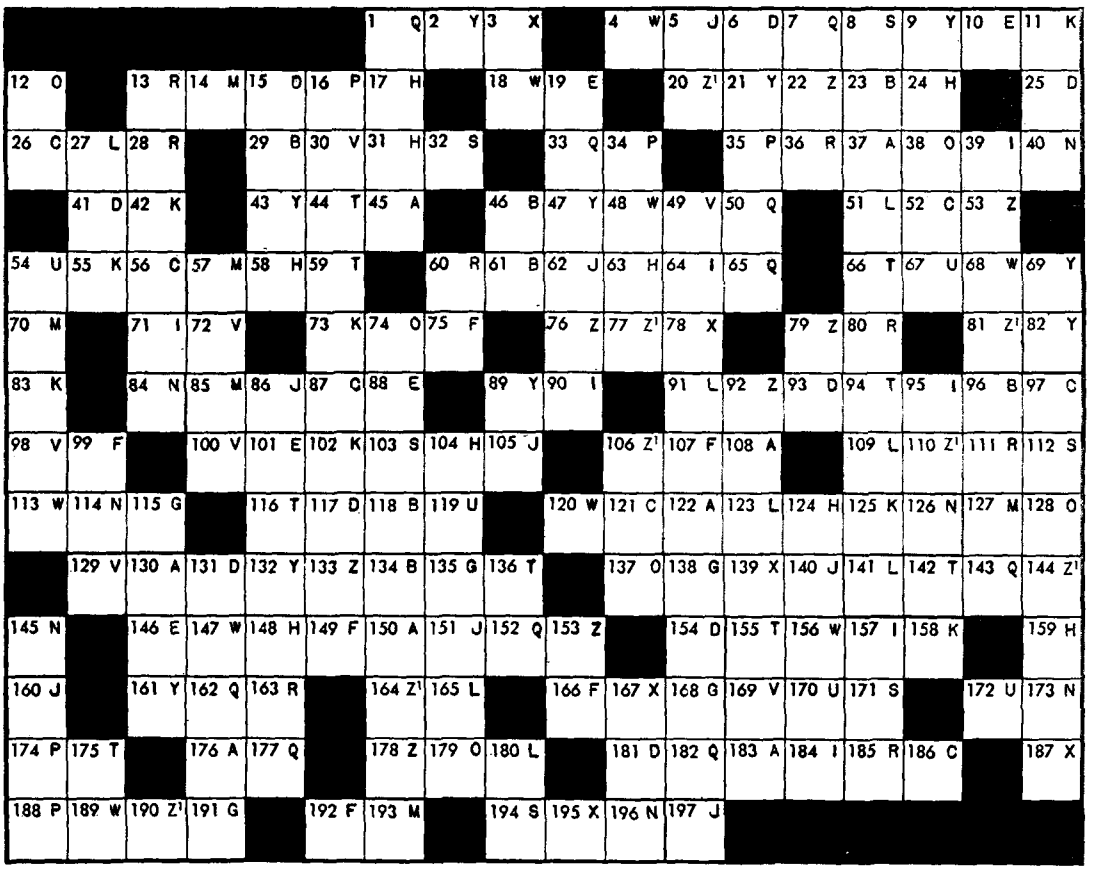
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Accomplished.	176 150 130 37 45 183 122 108
B. Certain game of tenpins with balls not more than 6 inches in diameter.	23 134 29 96 46 61 118
C. Plantation of a certain cactus for raising the cochineal insect.	52 56 97 26 121 87 186
D. Followed by Word G, manual for a king's behavior, written by James I of Gt. Britain.	25 6 154 131 181 117 15 41 93
E. Sites of shipwrecks, actual or figurative.	19 101 88 10 146
F. Devise; design.	192 75 166 99 107 149
G. See Word D.	115 191 135 138 168
H. Unintelligible language.	24 159 58 63 104 31 148 17 124
I. Somewhat unusual word for capable of being uttered.	134 39 90 95 71 157 64
J. What was frappé in title of popular piece by Victor Herbert.	197 35 105 62 140 140 151 5
K. Any torch, esp. one with quick-burning material.	42 158 125 73 55 83 102 11
L. A dependency; a perquisite.	141 123 91 109 165 51 27 180
M. Sash bar; less correctly, a mullion.	57 14 70 127 85 193

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Poured in; drenched.	196 126 84 173 40 114 145
O. Place for social gathering of Greek antiquity.	12 38 128 137 179 74
P. Genus of both the Spanish dagger and the Spanish bayonet.	34 188 174 35 16
Q. Lack of sensitiveness; impenetrability to emotions or ideas.	182 33 1 7 177 152 143 50 162 65
R. Vessel for cooking meat.	80 185 163 28 36 13 111 60
S. House where wine and liquors are sold to be drunk on the premises.	8 194 103 171 112 32
T. Gloss over; cover superficially.	116 175 142 155 94 66 59 136 44
U. Ammoniac plant.	67 172 119 54 170
V. Graceful and slender.	129 169 100 98 30 49 72
W. An incidental advantage.	18 4 68 120 113 147 156 48 189
X. Feel dissatisfaction or compunction.	195 167 187 3 139 78
Y. Pharos.	21 9 47 82 43 2 89 161 132 59
Z. Producing two kinds of young (zoological term).	53 92 178 76 133 79 22 153
Z¹. Located, of things; circumstanced, of persons.	20 164 190 77 106 81 144 110

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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